THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1874. NO. 31.

In the Dark.

A haze of stars, a glimmering veil
Before the ancient throne of night;
A planet like a sentinel
Upon the outer height.

Deep dusky heavens, and wide still air,
Where fainting fragrance rolls along;
A bird that warbles in his dream
Some thrill of broken song.

Great roses drooping for the dew
Around us in the perfect gloom;
And, as we wait, far off and low,
The distant breakers' boom.

Ah! among all delicious nights,
Give me this hour's mysterious swoon;
Enchanted song, enchanted hush,
And June without a moon!

Pyrus Japonica—Fairies' Fire.

It is said that the Fairies have beaming eyes,
And they light them at Love's own shrine;
But I know not if aught below the skies,
Can match those bright eyes of thine!

Methinks thou hast stolen the Fairies' fire,
To give them their changing light;
And lovers, I trow may all vainly aspire
To a syren so charmingly bright.

Soar not away, in thy brilliant guise—
(In good sooth I fear thou'rt a ranger),
And gaze not so fondly on yonder skies,
Lest thou take to thee wings, sweet stranger.

—LUTHER G. RIGGS.

WILLIE.

It frightened us a good deal when we found the little boy dead. This is the way it was. We were three country lads going home across the lots at noon for our dinner. In passing a lonely pasture ground we saw a little basket lying ahead of us upon the grass. We made a race for it, and Ed captured the prize; a little farther on we picked up a little hat which we at once recognized as Willie Dedrick's. Then we turned the angle of the zig-zag rail fence, and there in the corner, jammed close under the bottom rail, was beautiful little Willie, only five years old.

His clothing was torn and bloody, and he did not move; we felt a little afraid because he was so still, but we went up to him. He was dead, and his plump little features were all blackened with great bruises.

It shocked us very much. Only three hours before we had been playing with Willie at the pond. We felt that it was a terrible thing to find him dead in this unlooked for manner. We asked each other what Walter and Mary would do when they should hear of this. Willie was the only boy they had. And then the question came up what we ought to do under such circumstances. There was no one in sight to tell us. It was suggested that we might take up the body and carry it home to Walter and and Mary; it was not far through the lot and down the bank, to the pond where their home was. It seemed natural and right at first that we should take the chubby little boy and carry him home. But we shrank from the presence of death even in the form of little Willie; and besides that, we had certain dim and confused ideas, as country lads do who read the city newspapers, that somehow a coroner was necessary, and that it would not be lawful or safe for us to meddle with Willie thus strangely found dead from an unknown cause.

So we sat down upon the large stones near by Willie and held a council. There was no chairman appointed, and no secretary, and none of the surroundings that ordinarily belong to deliberative bodies; nevertheless all the essentials of a great council this occasion was very eminent. Here were three lads seated upon three fragments of the ancient granite which strews the northern slope of the Adirondack Mountains, and below them stretched the wild woods, away to the valley of the mighty St. Lawrence; and in their midst, upon that bright summer day, sat the skeleton king with his awful sceptre and his iron crown, pressing upon their warm hearts those matchless terrors which have ruled the world since time began.

It was an august presence, and the boys felt their responsibility more than members of councils ordinarily do. Their final conclusion was, that one of their number must go and tell Walter and Mary, while the other two watched the body. It required quite as much courage as wisdom to reach this conclusion, for to tell the parents was a task the boys dreaded.

The lot was cast, country-boy fashion, with three blades of grass, to determine who should be the messenger of evil tidings. The lot fell upon Phil, and he immediately rose up to start. Ed suggested at this point that in sending word the death ought to be ascribed to some cause. The boys had been very much puzzled from the first to know what could have done it. They gazed about the pasture ground to discover what suggestion could be made. There were a couple of horses, some cows and some sheep, grazing in a distant part of the inclosure. As soon as it was suggested that one of the horses might perhaps have done it by kicking Willie, the boys accepted that as the natural and undoubted solution of the mystery. And so Phil took that word with him.

Phil went upon a little trot through the lot and down the bank, movid rapidly so that his heart might not have time to quail or shrink; and in less than five minutes he stood by the little house near the pond.

He looked in at the door, which was wide open upon this warm summer day, and there he saw Walter and Mary. Walter sat cleaning the lock of his rifle, while the gun itself was lying across his lap. Doubtless Phil's face was somewhat pale as he went in at the door, for Mary looked at him as if she saw something there, and dreaded it.

The lad had good sense; he did not blunt out the sad news suddenly. He said to Walter in a quiet way, "Will you please to step out of the door with me? I wish to see you."

It was the earnestness of the voice, perhaps, that caused the man to put aside his gun and obey so quickly.

When they were out of the house Phil said, "I have bad news for you; we have found your little son in the lot, kicked by a horse, and we are afraid that he is so bad that he is dead."

Phil had thought of this way of saying it before he got to the house. When he said dead, Walter gave a little start and said, "Is he dead?"

Phil had to say, "Yes, we are afraid he is, and we think he is."

Walter stepped into the cottage and Phil stood at the door to see how he would tell Mary. Walter said, without any preface, "Mary, our little Willie is dead!"

"That was not a prudent thing," the boy thought, as the tragic words fell upon his ear and fixed themselves in his memory.

The effect of the words upon Mary reminded the boy of the way he had seen a rifle-shot tell upon a rabbit or partridge. The woman passed through a kind of flutter or shudder for a moment, and then sank straight down in a little heap upon the floor. Then followed a series of quick gasps and catching for breath, and short exclamations of "Oh dear! oh dear!" and then the stiffed shrieking began.

Walter took his wife up in his strong arms and tried to undo in part the sad work which had been accomplished upon her by the few words he had so suddenly and imprudently uttered. He said that Willie might not be dead after all, but only hurt. And so he placed her upon a bed, and he and Phil left her there and started to go and see Willie.

Not many words were said as the man and boy climbed the bank and strode hastily along to the fatal spot. As they neared it, there sat the two watchers, faithful to their post and as still as statues.

Phil and Walter turned the angle of the fence, and the father came up to the body of his little son. He had not seemed stricken with grief until now, but only excited. As he looked steadily upon the chubby little form all battered and bloody and bruised, the lad who had brought him there felt that some words must be said.

"It's a kick, ain't it?" said he.

This was hardly the right thing to say at such a moment, perhaps. The poor father choked and trembled and replied, "A kick or a bite or something—oh dear!" And then he turned his head and looked away, and there was the sound of his sobbing, and a strange, moaning cry.

Walter would not stay by the body, but directed the boys to remain and watch while he himself went and brought his friend the doctor. And then he turned away and went off over the fields toward the settlement, uttering loud sobs and that same strange cry.

It was hardly more than ten minutes' walk down to the road toward which Walter directed his steps, and in a very short time the boys saw groups of men coming from the houses, up the acclivity toward the fatal spot. They came hastily, two and three together, and soon a dozen or two had gathered around the three boys who had watched, and were gazing at the body.

After the first look the men made characteristic remarks.

"That *is* a rough piece of business!" said Dan.

"Fearful!" said Pete.

"That's durn queer work for a hoss, now, ain't it?" said Levi, a tall, keen fellow, intended by nature for a lawyer.

"It don't look like a hoss to me," said another.

And so they went on to comment and examine. It appeared that the rail under which Willie was jammed was dented and marked as if hammered by many blows. The three innocent boys who had originated the "hoss theory," as the men called it, accounted for the marks on the rail by saying that the horse pawed at Willie after he was under the fence.

The men said that they knew better; they began to question the boys as if they entertained suspicions in regard to them, and the boys became very uncomfortable. The men asked asked repeatedly just how the body was lying when the boys had found it, and inquired again and again whether they had moved it all. The lads felt these insinuations very keenly.

Men continued to come, and at length women came in groups, until quite an assembly was gathered there in the open field. Finally Walter returned slowly up the hill with a few friends, as if he were reluctant to come again to the place. Just as he reached the spot, good old Father Mosely, and his wife, a sharp, managing woman, came from the opposite direction and met Walter. Father and Mother Mosely lived down by the school-house at the other side of the settlement.

Mother Mosely at once seized hold of Walter, and while she wrung his hand, said:

"Oh, Walter! we can't give him up!"

Father Mosely spoke a few words which interested the people very much. Hearing some allusion made to the "hoss theory," he said:

"The little boy down at the school says it was a sheep that did it."

And then it came out that Willie's playmate, Charlie Sanders, was "the boy down at the school," and that Charlie had cried all the forenoon and dared not tell the teacher what the matter was; but finally at the noon-spell he told a little girl that Willie did not come to school because a sheep in the lot had chased them and knocked Willie down, and he could not get up.

Here was light indeed, especially for the three lads, who had begun to feel, since the horse theory was criticised, as if they themselves were culprits unless they accounted for "the murder."

Across the lot the sheep were still feeding. A young farmer stepped out of the crowd and called "Nan, nan, nan," and the flock, raising their heads, responded with a multitude of ba-a-as, and came galloping over the grassy field. At their head was the "the old ram," a fine "buck" with great horns curling in spirals around his ears.

The young farmer held Willie's basket in one hand, and making a brawny fist of the other, struck out toward the ram, offering him battle. The buck at once brought his head down in line of attack, squared himself for a big butt, and came on with a little run, and a charge that in an artistic point of view was quite beautiful. The farmer, stepping aside, caught him by his horns as he came, and that magnificent charge was his last.

There was a blood-thirsty feeling pervading the crowd, undoubtedly, but Buck had a fair trial. There on his white, bold face and horns were the bright carmine drops of fresh blood. No other witnesses were needed. In a moment a glittering keen knife flashed from somebody's keeping into the bright sunshine, and in a moment more a purple stream dyed the white wool around Buck's throat, and there was a red pool upon the grass; and a little later, as Dan remarked, "Some tough mutton."

The excitement abated; for the mystery was cleared up and Justice had its due. Kind-hearted Joe, who superintended the Sabbath-school and led the religious element of the neighborhood, stepped forward and said to the crowd:

"Well, boys, it is all right here, and no suspicion and no need of any ceremony; let us take him home."

And then Joe took Willie in his arms and held him closely with the little face against his own, as if he were still living, and started for the cottage. Some of the people followed in a picturesque procession, through the pasture lot and down the bank and along by the shore of the pond. When Walter's house was reached, a few of the women went in to soothe Mary; and Joe and the doctor went in also, and the people clustered about the door.

In the course of an hour it seemed that all had been done that could be done for Walter and Mary, and the people, except a few, who remained as watchers and helpers, dispersed to their homes.

The three days that followed were bright, sunny days. A strange stillness and unusual hush reigned in the neighborhood of the cottage. The harsh, grating sound of the saw-mill was not heard as at other times, for the mill was stopped in token of respect for the great sorrow. Only the softly flowing stream was heard, mingling its *susurrus* with the hum of the bees in the garden.

Now and then groups of children, dressed in their Sunday attire, would come down the bank, and with hushed voices and fearful looks steal up toward the cottage door. Then kind Joe would see them and would come out and take them in to see Willie; and after a few moments they would issue forth again, and walk sadly homeward, and as they went the sunlight dried their tears.

And farmers and hunters came from many miles away "to see the little boy that was killed by a sheep." Some of the rough men manifested their sympathy by exhibiting vindictive feelings toward the ram. After going in and viewing the bruised corpse, they would come out with dark, determined looks, and grasping again the long rifles which they had brought with them and "stood up" by the door, they would inquire of any bystander, with fierce emphasis, whether the ram that "did that" was dead.

On being informed of his execution, they would say, "*That will do*," with an air that implied how much they would have enjoyed it to have had a shot at him. Indeed, it appeared that if the poor brute had been possessed of fifty or a hundred lives, so that each irate hunter might have taken one, it would have been a great relief and satisfaction.

On the fourth day Willie was buried. Mary continued inconsolable. All of the social influences which the neighborhood could command were put in operation from the time of the funeral onward, in order to cheer her and bind up her wounded spirit. Social meetings were held and pleasant little gatherings made for her. Wherever there was enjoyment Mary must be. She gratefully submitted herself to all their kindness, and tried to please her friends. But it seemed to do her little good. She remained pale, weak and dispirited.

After a few months Walter and Mary discovered that somehow they were not suited with their farm. They sold the place at the first opportunity, and returned to their former home in New England, the remains of little Willie have been forwarded in advance to a cemetery there, with which they in their early days had been familiar.

A Hint for Inebriate Suicides.

The whimsical English duke who chose to be drowned in a butt of Malmsey has at last found an imitator in a certain French youth. There is in Paris a wine merchant named Faille, who has a son nineteen years of age. This youth, named Francis, was in love with a girl of the neighborhood, who, however, had shown a tender inclination towards a gallant soldier in the barracks at Courbevoie.

Francis, stung to desperation by jealousy, decided to make a grand stroke for victory, and seeing the young woman alone he plainly demanded that she should at once and definately choose between the civil and military contestants for her favor. After a few moments' hesitation she frankly declared that she preferred the soldier, and that Francis need never hope to call her his wife. The love-sick youth thereupon precipitately left her, with the remark that now there was nothing for him to do but to die.

A few hours afterwards the worthy publican, his father, was puzzled by hearing a trickling sound as of escaping water. The noise was traced to the wine-vaults; and the alarmed merchant descending to the gloomy crypt, found the faucets of eight or nine wine barrels loosened, and as many streams of ruby wine leaping forth to the floor. In the midst of the reservoir thus formed lay his son, wallowing and struggling, and trying to drown himself therein. This was his method of attempting suicide. The father hastened to the rescue. The son declared that he wished to be left alone to die, but the anxious parent (and equally anxious merchant) insisted that he could not gratify that desire in this way. The would-be suicide was dragged from the vaults and subjected to a paternal castigation.

So ended the latest attempt at Parisian self-destruction. There are features in this method of suicide which will doubtless commend it to any old toper who may be seeking a voluntary escape from earthly ills, as a mode of death worthy of Bacchus himself.

Another Flood Disaster.

Hard upon the heels of the terrible Mill river disaster comes intelligence of the breaking away of another dam in Massachusetts, on the line of the Boston and Albany Railroad, 30 miles northwest of Springfield. This time there was providentially no loss of life, the hero of the hour having given the threatened inhabitants ample warning of the coming flood; but property was destroyed to the value of nearly half a million dollars. Four manufactories, twelve bridges, and two or three houses have been destroyed, and the country over which the flood poured has been stripped of vegetation in much the same manner as Mill river valley was devastated a few weeks ago. The reservoirs which gave way seem to have been constructed in a most simple and primitive fashion, with no attempt at engineering or anything but a mere boy's play of throwing down dirt to block up the water. The excuse for it is that it was done 35 or 40 years ago, when people knew little of hydraulics, and supposed water was as innocent in reservoirs as in rain-drops. It would seem as though enough had been learned of the danger of these mud and clay structures to forbid the owners of such reservoirs from risking their lives and property on the strength of mere mud walls, but it appears they trusted that what had stood so long would last forever, and they have paid the penalty in a portion of the loss which has fallen upon the community.

Meretricious Mendicant.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "The other day an old man, poorly dressed, limping as if very lame, and wearing green glasses, entered a saloon on the river road and asked for money, saying that he lived at a certain number on Seventh street and that his wife was very ill and he to old and lame to work. In the saloon was a man living at the very number given on Seventh street, and he branded the old man as a liar. The beggar then said it was Seventeenth street, but he was so confused that the half-dozen men present determined to see how he was made up. He shouted 'police' as they approached him, but the men locked the door and threw him down. The green glasses covered as good a pair of eyes as were in the room, and no cause for his limping could be found. He had his left hand tied up, but they jerked the rags off and found no hurt or wound. Lastly they fished out of his pockets $38.45 in small money, as he had begged it, and discovered that he had a bank-book on a Chicago savings bank with $480.50 credited to him. He made a great fuss as they went on to expose him, and finally promised that he would leave Detroit by the Pacific express and never come here again. He claimed to have begged most of the money in Toledo."

"Free" Egypt.

An Egyptian correspondent says: "There is not an article sold to the Khedhive or his people, from a pin to a steam-engine, which does not yield tribute. We read a good deal of the world 'backsheesh' in all books and writings about Egypt, but we do not know how often it is the echo of the utterance from Europe. In no other country in the world does a traveler of rank expect to be lodged, boarded, and carried about gratis by the ruler. Here it is the rule. If the governor of an Indian province, with which Egypt has got no more to do than with Kamschatka, arrives at Suez on his way to Cairo or Alexandria, he has a special train put at his disposal when asked for; if he wishes to stay in Cairo he has a house assigned to him, carriages and horses, a staff of servants, and his stable spread with every luxury. Does he want to go up the Nile, he gets one of the Viceroy's steamers to tow his biabeah. Many people come here who expect their consuls to ask such favors as of right, never reflecting on the wholesome example set in other countries, and more especially in our own, where even greatness allied to loyalty is occasionally obliged to take care of itself in private apartments and pay for its own broughams."

READING OTHERS' THOUGHTS.

Another of the Unexplained Mysteries of the Human Mind.

About a hundred gentlemen assembled in New York, the *Sun* says, to see the extraordinary performance of Mr. J. R. Brown, a young gentleman who professes to read thoughts in the mind of any person in his presence. Mr. Brown is about twenty-seven years of age, very thin, and nervous. The first test of his powers was made by a gentleman hiding a pencil outside the room. Mr. Brown put one hand upon the forehead of the gentleman, and holding his arm with the other went with hardly any delay to the place where the pencil was concealed. The pencil was then hidden under a gentleman's coat collar, and discovered in a similar manner. In this experiment the person who concealed the pencil allowed his train of thought to be for a moment broken, and the interval was marked by the young performer stepping rapidly toward the other end of the room, and, as the ideas of the man whose mind he was reading were once more brought under control, he as rapidly retraced his steps, and drew the pencil from under the collar.

Another gentleman was then requested to think of some person in the room, but walking rapidly around for some minutes Mr. Brown declared his inability to find the person thought of, and asked where he was. The gentleman then explained that his friend was in California.

The writer, who was a doubter, was asked to think of some person in the room. He selected Mr. Lewis Leland, the proprietor of the hotel. Mr. Brown laid his hand upon the reporter's forehead and walked quickly up the room. Before Mr. Leland he paused, and at that moment the reporter allowed his mind to wander to another person. Instantly Mr. Brown stepped toward the person last thought of, and then as the reporter once more concentrated his thoughts upon Mr. Leland, he wheeled, retraced his steps, and put his hand on Mr. Leland's shoulder.

Four gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Wells, of Fowler & Wells, phrenologists, were selected while Mr. Brown was out of the room. They passed an article from one to another, the last of the party hiding it. Mr. Brown then put his hand on the forehead of the gentleman who had in the first instance given the article to Mr. Wells. After a short search the performer stopped opposite a gentleman whose features in some measure resembled those of the phrenologist, and it was explained that the person through whose hands the pencil had first gone had never seen Mr. Wells before, and had momentarily mistaken the man pointed out by Mr. Brown for him. This announcement, apparently proof conclusive of the speaker's powers, was received with applause. Mr. Wells stepped forward, and through him Mr. Brown traced the article to the person to whom it had been next given, and, finally, to its place of concealment.

The next experiment was that of reading the mind of a gentleman by holding the hand of another person who, while touching the gentlemen experimented upon, allowed his own mind to remain as nearly as possible impassive.

Mr. Wells examined the performer's head and found nothing unusual. He said his mental exertions seemed very wearing, and that he was not likely to live ten years longer. He added that the performance was to him inexplicable.

A Place for Pigeons.

The banks of Betsey river, near Frankford, Mich., are a favorite resort for pigeons, and they are annually taken there in great numbers. The nesting is about three miles wide and fifteen miles long, and extends along both banks of the Betsey river. On their first arrival, which is in May, the hunters build huts of boughs on the shores of Crystal lake, a fine sheet of water nine miles long, and in other open localities, and shoot the pigeons as they fly in masses. There are three flights a day. First the male birds begin to fly just before sunrise, leaving the nestings, and fly north and east from ten to sixty miles to feed. This flight lasts nearly two hours, at which time the sky is actually clouded with them. At seven o'clock not a bird can be seen. Again, at about half-past eight, the male birds begin to return, and the "hens" begin to leave the nests to procure their late breakfast. The males always take the place of the females, and do their share of the sitting. At nine o'clock the scene beggars description, when the sky is spotted with continuous clouds of pigeons going each way with the rapidity of the wind, and coming in sight continually for two hours. The "hens" stay out till four in the afternoon, when they return, and the "Toms" again go out in quest of food and stay as long as they please. Some do not return until sundown, at which time they can be knocked down by dozens, as they fly only a few feet from the ground. Later in the season the catching is done in feed beds and salt springs, which are prepared some weeks in advance, being baited with corn and salt, which, being mixed, is scattered over a smooth spot in the woods near a muddy spring, which being also salted profusely, affords a drinking place. When birds begin to work the feed beds in sufficient numbers, say from one hundred to six hundred dozen, then the slaughter commences. The largest "haul" that has been made this season at one spring of a net was fifty dozen.

Turkish Imperturbability.

Olive Harper writes to the St. Louis *Globe* from Turkey: "The indolence of the people here is something almost wonderful. No one except a native of this country thoroughly understands the art of laziness. The men sit all day long on little stools in front of the various *cafes*, smoking and talking—never stirring. They even talk in a low, murmuring tone, very different to a crowd of Dutchmen, Frenchmen, or even Englishmen. There is not the least excitement of any kind in their manner; all is tranquil laziness. The other evening the cry of 'yanjinvar' ('fire') echoed through the village (Buyukdere), and yet no one stirred from his place in the *cafe*. Presently a *cavasse* came in and accosted a Turk who was seated smoking his narghila, saying, 'Your house is burned.' He simply bowed his head, saying, 'Kismet.' The *cavasse* then said. 'Your woman and one child are also burned. There were two saved. Where shall they be taken?' The Turk said slowly, 'Great is God; take them to my mother,' and resumed his pipe."

A Grange Bank.

A Grange bank has been opened at the corner of California and Leidesdorff streets. The capital is $5,000,000, in shares of $100. Already about $1,000,000 have been subscribed by 1,000 shareholders. Ten per cent. has been called as a first installment and a second will probably be called on the 1st of January, 1875. The management of the bank is to be eminently conservative. Its object is to enable farmers to borrow money for commercial purposes upon terms as favorable as are made to other borrowers.—*San Francisco paper.*

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.

The Rapidity with which the Grasshoppers Destroy the Crops.

Gov. Davis, of Minnesota, in view of immediate demand for relief for the destitute in the counties of that State ravaged by grasshoppers, has proposed a plan supplementary to the organized relief asked for from the Grangers. It is to appeal directly to the County Boards for appropriations to meet the exigencies of the moment. The Commissioners of Ramsey County, upon representation of the Governor and Gen. Sibley, promptly appropriated $5,000 for relief, and if other counties respond as promptly, all the means demanded for immediate exigencies will be supplied. The Minneapolis *Tribune* has the following information concerning the grasshoppers:

Prof. H. Barnard has returned to the city after a week's absence. He brings with him most discouraging reports from the grasshopper country. He handed us a package containing the remains of some wheat, corn, potato vines and poplar bushes that had been destroyed by the pests on his brother's farm on the Big Cottonwood river, six miles above New-Ulm. The grasshoppers made their appearance there on Thursday last, and in two hours had devastated the whole crop, consisting of 48 acres of wheat that was out in ear, and would have yielded 25 bushels to the acre, corn, oats, and potatoes—everything. Not even the grass and the leaves of the trees were left. The whole region in the south-west part of Brown and adjoining counties is totally destroyed, from Lake Hanska to the State line; and the marauders were moving north-east every day, having crossed the Minnesota, going north, last week. Prof. Barnard also says they were quite numerous at Lake Crystal, in Blue Earth county. Thursday last they invaded Mr. Barnard's farm in millions, coming down like a snow storm. They fly about half a mile high, and alight when they reach a favorable locality. Prof. Barnard says that these in Brown county are not the same as hatched out in the vicinity of Worthington, which were the color of the soil. These are of a lighter color, with red wings, and resemble those hatched in Iowa, as reported by travelers. They appeared to have flown a long distance, and moved very rapidly. The air is daily full of them from 9 or 10 A. M. to 3 or 4 P. M., during which interval they continue to drop down upon the doomed country.

Fears of a Famine in Kentucky.

A correspondent writes to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* from Jamestown as follows: "Here in southern Kentucky we are on the eve of a famine which threatens to be very serious, as well as the western portion of Kentucky. Last year the season was so exceedingly wet that there was scarcely a half crop raised, in consequence of which our people are suffering much, and already several are reported to have starved to death, and many others are living on bread alone.

"Very early this season our farmers made vigorous efforts to pitch heavy crops, but owing to the protracted wet weather and high water were prevented from getting our best lands in in due time, the rains continuing up to the 4th of May, since which time we have had no rain to wet the land. We have not even been able to raise any vegetables in our gardens. The oat crop was a complete failure, as was also the hay crop, and a large amount of the corn is dead, and the remainder is fast drying up. With all the rain that could fall it would not be possible to make an average of a barrel to the acre. As it is, we will not make five barrels of corn to the field.

"For some time our people talked a good deal about losing their stock, but now they have lost all hopes of that, and the only talk is, How shall we get bread and meat? The wheat was moderately good, but will all be consumed in a short time, and we will be left without anything to sustain life. The Cumberland river is not navigable, nor will it be for six months, and the nearest point to the railroad is forty miles. Our people are without money, their horses and oxen so poor that but few of them could travel to do any hauling even if we were able to buy, hence we feel that we are without hope. There must at least be twenty or twenty-five counties in southern and western Kentucky just in the condition we are, and unless relief can be obtained from the outside, some hundreds of our people will starve to death."

A dispatch from Louisville says it is proposed to call on the Legislature for aid.

A Ten-Thousand Dollar Girl.

On a certain day, on a Pennsylvania railroad, a belle of a thriving Pennsylvania town, the daughter of a wealthy lumber merchant, was traveling in the same car with a shrewd old citizen of her native town and an agreeable young gentleman from the West who tells the story.

The latter had been talking to the belle; but as night drew on and the young lady grew drowsy, he gave up his seat to her and placed himself beside the somewhat cynical Pennsylvanian. The latter began conversation by pointing to a high mountain past which they were whirling, and said:

"You see that mountain? Six or eight years ago it was covered with as fine a forest as ever grew, and worth $10,000 and upward. Now, without a tree, covered with stumps, the land is scarcely worth a continental. The net produce of that mountain lies over there in that seat," and he pointed to the recumbent belle; "that is my calculation. It has just absorbed all of that lumber, which her father owned, to raise and educate the girl, pay for her clothes and jewelry, bring her out in society and maintain her there. Some of you young men, if you were given your choice between the mountain yonder as it now stands and the net produce on that seat, would take the net produce; but as for me, give me the stumps."

The London Boy.

"I never get tired of studying the London boy," writes the Danbury man. "He is always on the street, and always in the way. I never saw such a boy in any other city. He is not quarrelsome, not saucy, not addicted to smoking, and I never heard one of them swear, even under the most favorable circumstances. To tell the truth, I never heard them say much of anything. He is a helpless youth, addicted to store windows, rubbing against buildings, and toppling over obstructions. He has a dreadful tendency to be always backing up against something, and always missing it, to the detriment of his bones. Only they do not fall with sufficient force to break a bone. I have seen one of them slide from the side of a lamp-post, turn apart somersault, recover himself, hit up against the post again, slip off the curb, and gradually get down on his back in the gutter—taking in all some dozen seconds to do it, while an American boy would go down and stave a hole in the back of his head, and make a doctor's bill of eighteen dollars in less than a second."

"NO. 411."?

A Convict's Story.

"411?"

"That's me, sir."

"Let me see your arm."

"It's all right, sir."

"All right, is it? In my humble opinion it's as wrong as wrong can be."

411 looked down at the bruised flesh and broken bones he had affirmed to be "all right" with a half-contemptuous smile, and then, resigning himself to the inevitable, laid quietly watching the white hands of the young doctor as he prepared splints, bandages, etc., and commenced the work of setting the bone, now rendered doubly difficult by the swelling of the bruised flesh.

The light of the setting sun stole into the room, illuminating with a sudden glory the bare walls and comfortless surroundings, and throwing into strong relief the two figures which gave life to the picture. The doctor's frank, good-humored face, slight easy figure, and air of careless good-breeding, could not have been out of place under any circumstances; but the other seemed strangely in unison with, and yet in contradiction to, his surroundings. His muscular frame might have served as a model for strength and beauty—a Hercules in prison dress! His hands, roughened and hardened by toil, had been as slender and well-shaped as the doctor's own. His face, bronzed by exposure to all weathers, was still high-bred and refined—aquiline features, clear brave eyes, and, above all, the close-cropped hair of a convict. He had that air of reserve, totally distinct from rudeness, which only well-bred people possess, and which impresses even the most vulgar and obtuse.

Though the sensitive mouth betrayed his delicate, nervous organization, nothing could be more stoical than the composure with which he bore the torture he was suffering.

"Why on earth, man, don't you say something or cry out?" exclaimed the doctor, half impatiently.

Noticing the gathering whiteness round his patient's lips, the doctor hastily poured something in a glass, and, bidding him drink it, went quickly on with his work. After a few minutes' silence he glanced up suddenly.

"What's that?" pointing to a small blue figure on the brawny wrist.

"That? Oh! my crest. I did it when I was a boy," said the man indifferently.

"Your crest?"

"Did I say that?" and a flush crept over his face. "I must have been dreaming; people do dream sometimes, don't they?"

The doctor did not answer, but looked keenly at him, as he turned away his head with a short, embarrassed laugh.

"What is your name?"

"No. 411."

"I don't mean that, I mean your *name*," persisted the doctor.

"Jim Brown."

Dr. Harris laughed.

"Jim Brown! Why don't you say Bill Scroggins? One name would suit about as well as the other."

411 frowned slightly.

"Why should I tell you my name?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was the answer— unless because I want you to. That crest on your arm is very like my own. I thought perhaps we were related."

"And if we were? You wouldn't own me?"

"Why not? I m not a bad fellow in my way, neither do I think you are? Why shouldn't I own you?"

The man raised himself on his arm and looked searchingly in the doctor's face.

"A convict?" he said, slowly.

"Well," said the doctor, dryly, "I don't see much society except convicts, at present, and I can't say but what I like them as well as I do those who think themselves a good deal better. I've found out it isn't always the worst that are caught, by any means. I'm a 'radical,' you must know," he added, quaintly, "and very much disapproved of by the family."

411 looked out into the gathering darkness for some minutes, and then said, quietly:

"Well, sir, if you care to hear a convict's story, sit down awhile. I've never told it to any one, and I don't know why I should tell it to you; but the mood's on me, and I might as well talk as think, maybe; and then you've guessed my secret partly—at least, you know I'm not Jim Brown"—and a smile flashed across his face. "How old do you think I am?" he continued.

Dr. Harris looked at the powerful frame of the man—at the strong, hard lines in his face.

"Between forty and fifty, I should say?"

"Thirty-six, yesterday. I was twenty-four the day I was sentenced; a pleasant way of celebrating one's birthday, wasn't it? There was a lot of stuff in the papers about my 'youth,' and my being so 'hardened.' Did they think I was going to beg for mercy?—not I! I've been out here twelve years now, and escaped twice and been caught again; but I'll try it once more some time."

"You ought not to tell me that," said the doctor, smiling.

"Why not? They watch me all the time, anyway. Just give me some water, will you? Thanks. Well, I ought to commence with my name, I suppose. It is Edward Tracy. I was the second son of a Northumberland squire, who had just enough money to keep up the place for my brother, and no more. A fine old place it was, and the only happy days I can look back to where spent there. That was when I was boy—home for the holidays, eager about cricket and foot-ball, and to whom a gun and the range of the rabbit-warren were perfect happiness. After a while, it was unpleasant enough. My brother—a lazy, good-looking fellow, who knew how to ride and to shoot, and only that—was the idol of my mother and sisters. All deferred to him except little Mary, my pet, who used to follow me round like a kitten. Poor little girl! I wonder if she ever thinks of me now. Younger sons in a poor family have a hard time of it. I only wonder more don't go to the bad than do. Brought up as gentlemen, they are then thrown upon their own resources, to live by their wits, either in some beggerly profession, or as hangers-on, where there are many rich relations. They must put up with being snubbed and thrown over, whenever they come in the way—made use of and then cast aside; at least, such was my experience. I was proud and passionate, and so felt these things more than others, I dare say.

I wanted to go into the army, but my father said he couldn't afford it—I "would be always getting into debt," etc.—and so I was apprenticed to a London barrister—a great, pompous man, whom I cordially detested before a month was out. He had a way of aggravating me whenever we came in contact, that used to make me long for an excuse to pitch him down stairs. I believe in presentiments. I knew that man would injure me some day. I saw more trickery and underhand dealing while in that office than I had ever seen in my life before. Mr. Pierson was a man of *tact*, not talent. He had gained several good cases, which made his reputation, and he had a way of making people believe that if black was not just white, it was certainly gray, which proved very useful to him.

"I was about twenty-two when I went into Kent for a few weeks, partly on business for Mr. Pierson, and partly to visit an uncle of mine. Am I tiring you with this long story?"

"Not at all, Tracy; go on."

411 started at the unfamiliar name, which the doctor slightly emphasized. His breath came quickly, and his voice was husky when he spoke again:

"Would you think, now, that a man could hear his own name so seldom that when it was spoken as you spoke mine it could make the past come back like a great wave, almost blotting out the present? I haven't heard my name for more than ten years," he went on, musingly. "I don't wonder it sounds strange to me. It was in the summer when I went to Kent; the time for 'falling in love,' as it is called, and of course I did it. I don't wonder at myself, even now, when I remember all that has passed. We were thrown very much together. Lucy was an orphan living with a rich maiden aunt, whose place adjoined my uncle's. I had always a fondness for playing the part of a protector, and she was a clinging, dependant little thing, with long golden curls and a delicate pink-and-white daisy face. I had never cared for any girl before, and from the first I loved her madly. It's the 'old, old story,' and I needn't make a fool of myself again by telling it to you. Before I went back to town we had exchanged rings, and she had promised to love me through eternity. A lengthy eternity it proved!

"Our engagement was to remain a secret until I should become a great lawyer, and then I was to claim her. This was Lucy's idea. I wanted to speak to her aunt, but she begged me not, giving a dozen different reasons for my silence. I believe even then she thought it best not to bind herself too closely, but I never suspected this, for with all my faults I had always been perfectly honest and truthful. In the winter, Mr. Pierson told me that the business I had been attending to had now to be completed, and that he was going down himself. I was of course very anxious to go, but he did not give me the chance. Lucy met me at a couple of dinners, and from what she said I knew he had been very attentive to her. He was a good-looking man, about 40, and could make himself very agreeable when he choose to do so. I wrote to Lucy immediately, telling her what I thought of him. She replied, accusing me of being jealous, and saying she was sure I was prejudiced against Mr. Pierson, who had spoken very highly of me, and to whom I found she had confided the whole story of our engagement. I was very angry, and wrote rather harshly to her, for I remember she told me 'I did not love her as I once did.' That was our first quarrel, and was soon made up, and for a few weeks we corresponded as usual. Mr. Pierson returned to London, but went back again to Kent in a week or two. He said he was collecting evidence for an important case.

"Soon I noticed that Lucy's letters grew shorter and shorter, and finally one came, saying that she 'had been thinking over our foolish engagement, and as there was no prospects of my being able to support her, she had come to the conclusion that for the sake of us both it had better be broken.'

"I know every word of that cool, heartless letter now. One remembers such things. Very soon after I heard of her engagement to Mr. Pierson. I was a gentleman, and he was a snob; but he had money, and I hadn't."

"What's a gentleman born? Is it shillin's an' pence?" quoted the doctor, softly.

"Eh? What's that?"

"Only a quotation from the Yorkshire *Farmer*. Go on."

"Well, of course, I was furious; but what good did that do me? I thought if I only had money, I would find some means of revenge; but money was just what I hadn't got. About that time, I met a man calling himself St. John. He was clever and well educated, and seemed to read all my wild, reckless longings at a glance. He led me on from bad to worse, till it ended in forgery; then he turned king's evidence, and I was locked up. I was always very strong, and, finding one of the bars loose, I wrenched it out, and dropped from my window one dark night and escaped. On my way to the sea, I met this man—St. John. I might have got off if I could have let him alone; but I couldn't. I stopped him; he taunted me with my disgrace; told me that Mr. Pierson had known of the plan laid to ruin me. 'The young lady throwing you over was a prime trump in our hand,' he added, with a leer. I warned him to be silent; but he, as if blinded to his danger, exasperated me in every way possible. I grappled with him, and, remembering a trick I had learned at school, soon threw him. My hands were on his throat. A half minute more, and the earth would have been rid of one sordid wretch; but his cries had been heard by some men in a neighboring field, and I was overpowered. This man—a ruined gamester, once a gentleman—had changed me from an honest, honorable lad, to a felon, and then, disregarding the 'honor' which is said to exist even 'among thieves,' threw me over to save himself. I would be content to give five years of my life—nay, more, I would be content to add five years to my life—could it purchase that one half minute of which I was robbed.

"My family disowned me, and made no attempt even to procure counsel for me. All forsook me except little Mary, from whom I got a tear-stained letter inclosing a five-pound note, her quarterly allowance, and telling me that she would never forget me. My father had forbidden any of them to write to me, or even mention my name; but Mary had disobeyed him. 'It can't be wrong to write to you, dear,' she said, 'for you are my own brother, always.'

"There was a flaw in the evidence which my counsel took advantage of; but Mr. Pierson worked against him privately, collecting evidence for the crown, and I was convicted. Heaven grant there may not be many poor wretches who leave old England with the feelings which I left it. If I had had the opportunity, I would have put an end to my miserable existence. I was taken in a cab, strongly guarded, from the jail to the wharf. We passed one of the parks on our way. I had been in prison some time, and the fresh green grass, the trees and flowers had never looked so beautiful as now, when I knew I was looking on them for the last time. I thought of the hedge-rows white with blossoms, in Northumberland; the larks singing overhead; Mary, perhaps, in our favorite nook in the orchard, weeping bitter tears as a last good-by to 'her handsome Teddy,' as she fondly called me. No wonder my heart swelled when I thought of those who in the sight of God were guilty of my crime.

"As we went down the dock, a child passed us with a bunch of

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Aug, 6, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

"Dear Titian: * * * Put him through as you would me, he understands addition, division and silence."

Jim Hale will not accept the district attorneyship under 800 majority. How will 500 minority do, Jeemes?

Wm. W. Brown is covering the radical field for district attorney. The Colonel would make a magnificent run—don't go back on him, 'publicans and sinners.

The democracy of Clinton county unanimously instructed for Orvis for Judge, Wallace for Senator and Mackey for Congress. What a noble ticket. No district in the state can present better and more deserving men.

Beecher's regular annual income from his church, his lectures, and his newspaper, aggregate $65,000. He is the author of Norwood, the Star Papers, Lectures to Young Men, Yale Lectures, Fruits, Flowers, and Farming, and the Life of Christ. So says an exchange, and we may add, he is also author of the Tilton Scandal, which, in a few short weeks has been more extensively read than any of his preceeding works, and this will probably be the cap-sheaf to all his works. Exit Beecher.

Gallant Democracy of Clinton—Instructs Unanimously for Wallace.

The democracy of Clinton, the other day unanimously instructed in favor of Hon. Wm. A. Wallace, of Clearfield, for Senator. Thus does Clinton nobly come up to her duty and respond to the demand of the democracy of the State.

What will Centre do on Saturday and Tuesday? Will she disgrace herself? Democrats do your duty on Saturday.

The democrats of this county, in making nominations for Assembly, should be governed thus: The delegates from the other side of the county should vote for the candidate over here who is most popular with the people on this side, and the delegates from this side should act similarly in voting for a candidate from the other side—thus the people's choice would be placed upon the ticket. To follow this course, it would be necessary that the voters of each side only instruct for one candidate and that for their own side of the county alone—they would then enter the convention without their hands tied, and could easily ascertain who would likely be the most popular man from the other side. We offer this suggestion for what it is worth, and for the best interests of the party.

The democratic delegate elections will be held next Saturday. Let democrats be impressed with their importance, and evince it by their attendance, and elect delegates who will act for the good of the party in making nominations.

We want popular men placed in nomination.

Men who cannot command the party vote endanger the ticket.

We want harmony, and that can be assured by fair and square dealing.

There is a large number of candidates in the field—and only a few can be nominated out of the number—let the unsuccessful ones abide the decision of the representatives of the party rightfully made. With harmony in the ranks and a ticket of honest and popular men, who will command the respect and support of the people, the democracy of old Centre will come out of the November elections with an increased majority.

Remember then democrats, your first and important duty comes on the primary election.

For the Reporter.

Who Shall Be Senator?

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me through the medium of your columns to say a few plain words to the party on the eve of the delegate elections—to state the senatorial question clearly, so that all persons may vote intelligently. The occasion demands plain speaking, and we must not be so tender-hearted as to refrain from it for fear of giving offence to individuals. The welfare of the party is of far greater importance, than the good will of any individual; and when the former is in danger, the latter must succumb. We must either begin a reform within the party, or, as last fall's lesson teaches us, it will be begun from without. Patriotism as well as self-interest urges the former.

Wallace or Meek, honesty or corruption, capacity or incapacity, integrity and high moral worth, or selfishness and fawning sycophancy, statesmanship or demagogism, this democrats of Centre, is the issue which you must decide within the next few days Even Philadelphia has become so awakened to her interests, that the democracy there have cast over board the notorious ringster and lobbyist, Sam Josephs; are we of Centre so derelict of ours that we cannot in like manner rebuke his chosen friend and boon companion, who during four sessions contested with him the palm as to whom of the two should roost the highest? Eight long weary years have we patiently admitted to his never-failing candidature, trusting his sense of self-respect would finally come to our relief, but in vain. His claims seem etemal. Our debt of gratitude, it seems, cannot be liquidated, and we may as well go into bankruptcy to relieve ourselves of this importunate creditor. In 1867 and '68 he was elected to the legislature; in '69 he was a candidate but defeated in Convention; in '70 he crowded Hon. J. G. Meyer out of his just claims to a re-election; in '71 he was again re-elected; in '72 he was a candidate for Delegate to the Constitutional Convention; in '73 for Senator in a District mapped out for himself; and now in '74, only for the *eighth successive year*, we are called upon to decide upon his claims for public position, and that, too, in comparison with a man whose name is familiar to every Democrat in the state, and who is as much noted for his ability and integrity, as our man is for his brazen-faced importunity and want of principle. Where can we point to a similar example of such a versatile genius? Legal talent he has none, and legal education far less, yet he has the presumption *to offer himself* to frame every statute from our great organic law down to bills of incorporation for Improvement companies These claims he has urged forward by every means—fair or foul, by forgery and the basest ingratitude. To insure his own succes, regardles of the interests of the party, he has treated in a shameful manner our best men, those to whom he owed his life and liberty, and a far greater debt of gratitude than the party owes him. But he having proved so ungrateful what right under heaven has he for himself, or any other man for him, to claim that the party owes him aught on the score of gratitude? He has disorganized our party, and attempted to control its nominations. In order to accomplish his nefarious designs he has repeatedly promised, in fact mortgaged offices to his friends for years before vacancies could occur, and he is today favoring some candidates to the detriment of other equally good, if not better men. He uses his official influence as editor of the party organ, to secure his own individual advancement regardless of what disstrous results may come upon the party. Is this the course for an impartial editor to pursue? Is it right, is it just, that he should dispose of county offices without consulting the wishes of the party, more than any other member of it? Such is Mr. Meek's record; but what of his opponent, Mr. Wallace? Has he no claims upon the people of the state and of the district? He was the man who organized and kept in harmony our forces in many a critical period. He secured the election of the only state officer whom we have had for the last 12 years. He incurred obloquy unjustly on our behalf and has emerged from the hue and cry of our opponants, pure and unspotted, respected even by his defamers. Show me a Democrat who is an enemy to Mr. Wallace, and I will show you one whom he has frustrated in some dishonest undertaking. There lies the secret of our having a candidate for Senator in our county when the people are almost unanimous in favor of the only fit man who presents himself for the position.

But let us examine these two men with especial reference to their fitness. Mr. Meek has served four terms in the lower house and has made *one* speech which he doubtless (?) wrote, at least he has the credit of having done so; Mr. Wallace has been four terms in the Senate, is acknowledged one of its ablest debaters, and has made many able and eloquent speeches. Mr. Meek has been four years in Harrisburg, and during that period was noted as an unswerving friend and member of the Ring; Mr. Wallace was 12 years in the same place, yet not a breath of suspicion has been cast upon his name. Mr. Meek had little influence among the honest members of the House; Mr. Wallace presided one year over the deliberations of the Senate, and has always been regarded by both parties as one of its leaders and most distinguished members. Mr. Meek's voice was heeded by the Ring, but dispised by all whose regard for their oath was greater than their self love; Mr. Wallace was feared by the Ring, and applauded by the upright. Mr. Meek went to Harrisburg poor and came back rich in four years; on a salary of $1000 a year. Mr. Wallace, in 12 years, has failed to be so *economical*, and to-day is worth less than he would have been had he remained at home and attended to his personal affairs. But he has chosen to sacrifice his own pecuniary interest to benefit the people; Mr. Meek has determined to sacrifice the people to benefit himself. Which was the more honorable, which was the more praiseworthy course?

Again, Mr. Meek is devoid of legal talents and legal lore; Mr. Wallace is one of the first lawyers in the state. The duty of the legislator requires that he should have some legal acumen, that he should be able to frame a law properly and to comprehend its full force and meaning after it is enacted. Especially is this true in regard to a Senator. The lower house seldom contains men who can fulfill this requirement, and hence it is the more necessary that such men should be found in the Senate In this report Mr. Meek has been deficient. How else can we account for the disastrous effect which his constituents have felt from several of his principle measures? It was either blind ignorance or willful malevolence, and on either ground he is unfit for the position.

3d, Mr. Meek is a secret enemy of the New Constitution. Mr. Wallace one of its avowed friends. True, Mr. Meek did not openly oppose that instrument, but he put out a "feeler," and after he discovered that he could not do this with impunity and that instrument would in all probability prove popular, his innate spirit of demagoguism prompted him to take a neutral ground so as not to compromise his claims on the party for that well known debt of gratitude. Now the next legislature must pass many laws rendered requsite to carry out this instrument, which the last failed to pass on this very account. We want men who will be in hearty accord with the spirit as well as the letter of that instrument, whose past record is unimpeachable, who do not require to take several oaths before they can live up to the plain Scriptural injunction, "Thou shalt not steal" The instrument has already cleared out the lobby; now let the people do their duty and clear out the lobbyists.

4th, We owe something to the other candidates in the district. Clinton has instructed for our candidate for Judge, Clearfield will, in all probability, do likewise. Now shall we be so ingenerous as to press our claims for all the district nominations, especially when we have some candidates notoriously interior to those presented by our sister counties? Shall we put ourselves in such an embarrassing position, and, perhaps, by asking all, lose all? Let us have some self-respect, and not, like our brazen-faced and immodest, candidate ask everything both present and future. These counties have instructed for our best men, let us go and do likewise. No one, not even Mr. Meek himself pretends to compare the qualifications of the two men. He only asks it because—*he* wants and failed to get it last fall after disgracing us by protracting the struggle for the nomination.

Such are a few of the questions presented. We defy any man to compare the integrity, the abilities and the fitnes of these men, and say that Mr. Meek equals his competitor in any of these respects. Such being the case, we owe it to the state, we owe it to the district, we owe it to the party, we owe it to ourselves, to waive all local considerations and to do that which will be for the best interest of all—to instruct our conferees for Wm. A Wallace. This done, a lesson will be taught, and a lasting benefit gained. The whole state will applaud our action, and the will of the people will once more become supreme.

PATRIOT.

L. A. MACKEY FOR CONGRESS.

[From the Elk Co. Democrat.]

Though but briefly, we have already urged the nomination of L. A. Mackey, Esq., of Clinton county, as the Democratic candidate for Congress from the XXth district, believing that in so doing, we urged the nomination of a gentleman eminently fitted for the position, and peculiarly suited to the needs of the people and the times. To-day we feel more clearly convinced that the nomination of Mr. Mackey is necessity. It is a very lamentable reflection, and a very deplorable subject for contemplation, that in neither branch of the National Legislature, have we such men as can best subserve the interest of the people. Under ring rule we have been permitted only to accord honor to professional politicians, who served the people in the canvass and their own personal interests while in Washington—men who have returned to their constituents stained politically and morally and branded publicly as infamous. Their careers, in many instances, have not even been characterized by ability—their only fame is their many obliquities. It is to this cause, as much as to any other, that many of the troubles now affecting the country are traceable, and even yet, the people do not seem to clearly understand their duty and the power which they have to perform that duty.

We have had men dabbling in the finances of the nation who know nothing of finance practically or theoretically, and the men whom the people sent to Congress to promote morality and guard popular freedom, were the very men whose immorality was so gross that it called for public censure, and whose labor seemed chiefly to be to prostitute the little talent they had to the overthrow of the liberties of the people.

It is against the continuation of such men as Legislators that it is our duty to do battle, and none the less a duty is it to see the whole venal tribe replaced by men of integrity and ability, whose lives in the past are some sort of guarantee of their fitness for the work for which they are needed. This may only be done by each community selecting from among its citizens the men whom they know to be able, and free from venality.

We are emphatic in this matter, because, having watched the evil growth and experienced somewhat of its noxious effects, we deem this the right time for the beginning of the purgation. And so we urge upon the people and to their delegates assembled, to see to it that none other than honest, fearless, and able men are permitted to become candidates at the ensuing election.

More particularly do we urge the nomination of Mr. Mackey, as the Democratic Congressional nominee, and for these reasons, and others, which we shall present hereafter:

His life has been one of rectitude, and we need honesty.

His management of important financial trusts has displayed a thorough practical and theoretical knowledge of the intricacies of banking and the laws governing finance.

As a lawyer he is noted for his forensic ability.

As a counsellor he is known as a sagacious man, and a man of probity and forethought.

Should he be nominated he will gather about the ticket a host of friends who will add strength to the party and lend encouragement to its principles.

It is in such a time as this that we need men to represent the people—not a clique—but the whole people, and we know that Mr. Mackey is not the one to assume a duty he will not discharge with fidelity. Let the people consider these facts, and let them, through their delegates, act upon them in convention, and our word for it, they will have in the House of Representatives a man who will honor them as they shall have honored him.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S LAST SPEECH.

President Grant spoke as follows in reply to the address of the Mayor of Atlantic City, N. J., last Saturday:

It affords me very great pleasure to visit this watering-place, and for the first time in my life. I have one remark to make, however, and that is that the doctor is not exactly a man of the truth. He said that he would not bore us with a long speech. He did not bore us, but he made the speech, and therefore he has not kept strictly within the line of his word; and if I was a speaker I should like to reply to some part of his speech. Speaking of this slander about New Jersey being out of the Union, if that was so I would never have come here, because I come here as President of the United States, and without any thought to leave the country; and if what he states is true, then I am liable to impeachment. There are several points in his speech that I would like to reply to in detail, but not having heard it in advance, it would be impossible to do so. I am very glad to be here with you.

While business is confessedly a good deal depressed there is an encouraging outlook. The crop prospects brighten as the season advances, and the indications now are that we shall have the largest grain crop on record. The acreage of cotton is smaller than last year, according to the last reports, but altogether the appearances are that the crop, while smaller than last year, will be a good one for the acreage. As to railroad property the profits have within a month or two shown a considerable increase. For the expired part of 1874 the leading roads have done less busines, but having done it at less expense, show materially increased profits as compared with corresponding time in 1873, during which year the receipts were the largest on record, and, taking milage into consideration, especially so Since the panic the roads have been reducing their floating debt, and its volume, like that of private indebtedness, is now, as a rule, smaller than for years. In fact, in every department we are nearer hard-pan than since the outbreak of the war.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

It is announced in Iowa that ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, will make several speeches in the former State in favor of the Anti-monopoly ticket.

Henrietta Waible, thirteen years of age, was arrested the other day for attempting to burn a baby, six months old, which had been left in her charge.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE EAST.

Writing from Larnico, Cyprus, under date of June 29, a correspondent of the New York Evening Post says:

Information has just been received here to the effect that the German exploring expedition under the direction of Dr. Sepp has been very successful in ancient Phœnicia. As the expedition is under the patronage of the Emperor of Germany, a great deal of pains has been taken to conceal the movements and discoveries from the public eye until the government at home has been fully informed of the results. An entire shipload of antiquities has just been despatched to the port nearest Berlin, and after they have been duly stored in the Museum of Christian Antiquities there, they will be described and photographed. Notwithstanding the attempted preservation of profound secresy in the matter, a few details have come to light, which I shall jot down here briefly.

THE GERMAN EXPEDITION.

Dr. Sepp succeeded by great efforts in excavating the Christian Cathedral at Tyre. Here he found the undoubted tomb of Fredrick Barbarossa, whose remains, it will be remembered were long since carried to Spiers and deposited in the same coffin that holds the dust of his Queen in the Cathedral. The Doctor also found the tomb of the first Bishop of Tyre after the crusades, together with his robes of office and several ornaments of silver and gold, and in the best state of preservation. Besides these, several paintings were discovered on the walls—one of the twelve Apostles, many of the early Christians—to say nothing of sculptures in marble, bronze, and terra cotta, and interesting remains of the architecture of the early Christian era. Another of the remarkable discoveries of the Doctor is the Pagan temple of Melkart (Baal). Some of the columns of the temple are double, and measure six feet in diameter and thirty-nine feet in length.

THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN EXPLORERS.

Germany, however, has not monopolized archaeological efforts in this direction. Mr. Maudslay, an Englishman, in carrying out some improvements on the grounds of Bishop Gabat's Orphanage on Mount Zion, found several ancient baths and cisterns, a mosaic pavement overlaying the remains of an ancient temple, and most remarkable of all, an ancient lime-kiln, which had been heated by means of olive seeds for fuel. He also unearthed a flight of thirty-nine steps, leading from the old wall of Zion down to an outside fort, the walls of which were twelve feet thick. The American exploring expedition is also making fair progress, although the details have not yet been received.

The Associated Press sends the following: "Professor Rawson, of the American Oriental Topographical Corps, is at Cyprus, under engagement with Mr. de Cesnola to work up some art and also some very important archaeological material relating to the excavation there. His despatches say that Professor Strong, chairman of the council of the corps, is at Ephesus, and that the work of the latter in Egypt, Sinai, Edom, Moab, Basham, and Palestine has been remarkably successful. Professor Strong is on the way home, and Professor Rawson will return to Jerusalem to pursue investigations for the corps of geology and natural history. The despatches confirms the report of the death of Mr. Drake, of the British society, resulting from exposure to the malaria of the Jordan Valley. Mr. Drake's seven years' service in the Sinaitic Peninsula and in Palestine has been invaluable to science."

A SWINDLER.—The Huntingdon Globe tells how an artful dodger has been coming it over the citizens of that community in the following manner;

"A very pious cuss has been playing a trick on the Everett people. He was selling a 'choice article of grape,' having samples of the grape in a bottle. He made several sales. On Sunday he entered the pulpit and preached. Mr. Ebbert, of that place, was to hear him, and recognized the strange minister as a party who had spent two weeks at Ursinus College, and decamped to save himself from arrest on charges of the grossest libertinism. Mr. E. informed several others what he knew of the fellow, and while at tea, a gentleman went into his room, abstracted one of his grapes from his sample bottle, which proved to be a half-grown gage, or egg plum. He was confronted by his patrons and beat a speedy retreat. His name is J. C. Hoffman, is about twenty-five years of age, five feet five or six inches tall, heavy built, dark curly hair and beard, dark piercing eyes, and dark complexion. Look out for him."

He is evidently an aid of Beecher's.

The queston whether or not the Government can compel railroad companies to haul the postal cars carrying the mails at a rate of compensation fixed by Government itself is in a fair way to be settled. The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Company has given the Post-Office Department notice, that after the 1st of August it will drop the postal cars from its trains, the compensation allowed for the service being considered inadequate and unsatisfactory. This is understood to be a pioneer case, upon the decision of which other companies having the same ground of complaint will base their action. The opinion of the Department officials is, that in case of the refusal of any road to carry the mails, the Government may take the road and administer it by its own officers. This will be one of the first questions for Gov. Jewell to attend to upon his entering on the duties of his new office.

SIX PERSONS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

Louisville, July 25.—A special to the Courier-Journal says that one stroke of lightning killed six persons in Woodford County, Ky., last night, viz., Mr. Mundy and wife, Mr. Black, wife, and daughter, and a colored man living in the same house. During the same storm lightning struck many points in Central Kentucky.

GERMANY WATCHING THE CARLISTS.

Berlin, July 23.—The North German Gazetts says, in reference to the recent outrages by Carlists: "Germany, in behalf of outraged European civilization, will seek to find means to teach the Carlists that the murder of a captured German shall not remain unpunished."

MURDERING THE REPUBLICANS AT CUENCA.

Madrid, July 23.—The Perfect of Cuenca announces that thirty-four bodies of Republicans murdered by Carlists have been found in a house in that town, mutilated so horribly as to be unrecognizable.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

A Congressional commitee was recently appointed at Washington to manage the approaching campaign, chosen from the two Houses. It consists of thirty-five members and four delegates. Of these, fourteen are from the Senate and twenty-one from the House, and of the latter there are twelve, or about one third, who are new members. In making up this committee ordinarily, the utmost care is taken to select men who are not only free from general objection, but whose character and conduct inspire confidence.

This wise rule of discrimination has been wholly set aside and despised in the present instance, and an insulting disregard of even decency substituted for it, which makes the act doubly offensive. A glance at the standing of individual members is sufficient to determine their unfitness for such a position. Here are the names:

John A. Logan, Chairman, back-pay grabber and extreme inflationist.
A. H. Cragin, back-pay grabber and jobber in the navy.
Simon Cameron, back-pay grabber and lifelong corruptionist.
J F Lewis, back-pay grabber and scalawag.
George E Spencer, back-pay grabber and carpet-bagger.
J R West, back-pay grabber and confederate of Kellogg.
L B Conover, back-pay grabber and carpet-bagger.
J W Flanagan, back-pay grabber and scalawag.
A L Boreman, back-pay grabber.
W M Stewart, back-pay grabber and Emma Mine trader.
P W Hitchcock, back-pay grabber.
Powell Clayton, back-pay grabber, carpet bagger and Arkansas jobber.
J H Mitchell *alias* Mitchell-Hipple, much-married jobber.
Zachariah Chandler, dealer in temperance, morals and political purity.
E L Cobb, back-pay grabber and small scalawag.
R H Whiteley, back-pay grabber and carpet-bagger.
George C McKee, back-pay grabber and carpet bagger.
S O Houghton, back-pay grabber.
H H Starkweather, confidential and whitewasher of the Washington Ring.

The new members are almost entirely unknown, and serve as mere figure-heads for this majority. The four delegates from the Territories, with Chipman of the District of Columbia at their head, pocketed every cent of the back pay. So that in fact this committee may be said to be composed of grabbers, carpet-baggers and scalawags, and some of them are the very worst specimens of these three tribes in Congress. It is easy to imagine what sort of reform such patriots would preach.—*Sun.*

Omaha, Neb., July 29.—The heavy wind and storm of Saturday night fortunately blew the grasshoppers out of the State, and much produce that had been given up will be saved.

GENERAL LAWS.

Below will be found acts of Assembly passed at the session of 1874, and published for general information.

AN ACT relating to the assessment of damages arising from the opening of roads and highways and the construction of bridges.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted, &c., That hereafter it shall be duty of all persons appointed in the several counties of this commonwealth to view and review any public or private road or bridge, if they shall decide in favor of locating said road or bridge, to endeavor to procure from the persons over whose land such location may be made releases from all claims for damages that might arise from the opening of such road or the building of such bridge; and in every case where said viewers shall fail to procure such releases, and it shall appear to them that any damages will be sustained, it shall be their duty to assess the damages and make report thereof signed by a majority of their number, and return the same, together with all releases obtained, to the court of quarter sessions, and the damages so assessed shall be conclusive, or may be subject to appeal, review or modification, as may be provided by existing laws in the different counties of this commonwealth.

SEC. 2. That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith be and the same are hereby repealed.

APPROVED—The 14th day of May, A. D. 1874. J. F. HARTRANFT.

AN ACT to provide for the recording of deaths of testators and intestates in the office of register of wills.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted, &c., That all person applying for letters testamentary or letters of administration shall, before the issue of said letters, file with the register of wills an affidavit, setting forth as nearly as can be ascertained the day and hour of the decedent's death to which said letters respectively relate.

SEC. 2. All registers of wills are hereby required to file said affidavits, and also to record said date of death with the other records said decendents' estates respectively.

APPROVED—The 15th day of May, A. D. 1874. J. F. HARTRANFT.

THE TERRIBLE FLOOD AT PITTSBURGH.

Pittsburg, July 27.—Never in the history of this city was there ever anything so terrible as the incidents of the flood of Sunday night. 200 lives were lost and $3,000,000 of property was destroyed by the bursting of a water-spout over the city. Not until to-day did the public realize what an awful destruction of life and property had occurred.

There were some very affecting incidents. Alderman Bolster of the Seventh Ward of Allegheny, who was submerged with his family—his wife being on a sick bed—with a superhuman effort gathered up his wife and five children and started to run out of his house that was being swept away. His little boy Charley, who was perched on his shoulder, hearing the cry of a little babe who dwelt in the next house, and to which he was greatly attached, leaped from his father's shoulder, and this morning was found with his limbs clasping his baby lover's crib, in which it was dead and smiling. The tears of the ten thousand women who looked at this pretty incident was one of the sweetest tributes to heroism that was ever witnessed. To-night they lay side by side at Sampson & Voigt's undertakers, the prettiest corpses of all the many who have lost their lives, and over whose little coffins thousands of the first ladies of the two cities came and shed their tears like the blessed rain.

Then there is another incident at Wood's Run that almost baffles description and staggers belief. Mr. John Brady, his wife and four children, lived in a little shanty at the foot of a bluff that was sheer 100 feet high. Over this bluff ran a small gas pipe to supply a house above. When the flood came and struck their house, Mrs. Brady seized the babe at her breast, leaped out of the back window, and seizing the gaspipe, sailor like, dragged herself and her infant to the top of the hill above. Her husband and the other three children were drowned, and carried down to the confluence of Wood's Run and the Ohio River. On O'Hara-st., Rudolph Artz, his wife and six children, resided While Mr. Artz was trying to pacify his family about the storm, the flood broke, and he was forced to see his family dug out of the debris to-day and laid seven of them, in a long row in the undertaker's establishment. One man, who was picking up bits of broken hardware, said he had lost nothing except his house and wife and two children, and was trying to pick up things to begin housekeeping with. He was a stalwart man, but so demented with his losses that hundreds of ladies who heard him fell into hysterical weeping.

On Centre-st. a party who appeared with a skiff discovered a man hanging on the roof of a house. The water on the street at that time was some 15 feet high. They took the skiff under the place where the man was hanging and told him to drop, the distance being slight, as the skiff was nearly on a level with the second-story windows. The man jumped and was saved. He then informed the men in the skiff that his family, consisting of his wife and three or four children, were in the house. He got on the roof, jumped from that to another roof. When he reached Centre-st. the house was swept away, and the family perished, together with the children of another family, making in all 10 souls.

On Chestnut-st., in Caspar Rane's saloon, among others were Philip Hess, a constable, and Henry Schaffer. They rushed out of the saloon into the street, and that was the last seen of them alive. Hess's body was found this morning clinging to a fire-plug with one hand. Schaffer's body has not yet been found. Another man also rushed from the Paris saloon with Hess and Schaffer. His body was recovered in the yard between Chestnut and Centre-sts., about a mile distant.

Wm Peets tied his wife and several children with a clothes-line in his house, fearing some of them would rush away in their alarm and be lost. The house and the entire family were saved.

Accounts of the horrible flood which has deluged nearly all the suburban sections of this greater than was at first supposed. It is now thought that the loss of life will reach fully 200 persons, and that the loss of property will be proportionately large. The Evening Chronicle in its 5 o'clock edition, places the loss at 142, and the names of missing persons are continually coming in. The extent of territory damaged is not less than 20 to 25 miles in diameter, how the main portion of the City of Pittsburg, lying as it does in the center of this circle, escaped further injury appears almost miraculous. A prevailing theory is that the disaster was caused by some kind of water spout. A gentleman who watched the storm from a point a few miles down the river, where there was little rain, says that by the fitful flashes of lightning he could see a huge, inky black, funnel-shaped cloud which overhung the city, the narrow ends being lowest, while the dark parts gave vent to almost continuous flashes of lightning.

When the rain began falling little apprehension was entertained, but those who lived near the head of the Valley state that suddenly it seemed as if the heavens were opened, and the water came down as if discharged from immense pipes. The volume was so great that the valley was filled with a raging torrent. The frame dwellings, stables, and slaughter-houses gave way like pipe stems, and the debris from the wrecks was swept down along the line of the plank-road, the weight being augmented every moment. In the district lying west of Chestnut-st., and north of a parallel with North-ave., the waters rose to a hight of fully 20 feet. In some places occupants of dwellings were unable to escape in time to save their lives. In many places the force of the water rent structures into splinters.

FEARS THAT PESTILENCE WILL FOLLOW FLOOD.

Pittsburgh, July 29.—It is feared that another great danger threatens Allegheny City. The ravine of Butcher's Run is choked up for a distance of some two miles with the contents of the destroyed slaughter-houses. Great quantities of meat and a large number of bullocks partially dressed, and more than 100 horses, with perhaps an occasional human being, lie imbedded in the mud. Yesterday the sun came out hot and unobstructed and in a few hours there arose an awful stench, almost insufferable to the working parties. The debris will hardly be cleared away this week, and if the weather continues hot it will be almost impossible to prevent the breaking out of pestilence, as the Butcher's Run district lies in the heart of a dense population.

THE SCHEME OF SALVATION.

The Rev. Dr. Wm. Ormiston preached in the Collegiate (Dutch Reformed) Church at Fifth-ave. and Forty eighth-st., upon the incident of the lifting up of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, as detailed in the twenty-first chapter of Numbers, taking as a text these words of the eighth verse: "And it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten when he looketh up it shall live."

This startling and singular incident, said the preacher, was used by Jesus Christ to illustrate the spiritual condition of the race. As a type of the scheme of salvation it may be considered, first with reference to its necessity, its simplicity, and its application. Take the necessity of it. The people are dying from the deadly virus, which is in all veines and all hearts. All are lost unless redeemed with a price. No one is exempt. Multitudes have perished already, and many are dying even on this charming Sabbath morning. The disease of sin with which all souls are stricken, is not a mere surface disease. It is a constitutional malady, a radical defect in the character. Sin is in the heart before it is in the hand. Its manifestations are various. It sometime comes out in pride, passion, and avarice. It is constantly cropping out in some form, for its essence is in us, estrangement from God, rebellion against God's servants, His ways, His Word, and His method of saving men God's love is sovereign, unmerited, and wondrous. When the people of Isreal were dying from the bites of serpents, they cried out. That was all which they could do. Moses prayed to God for mercy. That was grand sublime; but all that he could do was to pray, and the virus was active still. God took His own way of healing, a way which made every sufferer his own physician in some sense. And when there was no help for the lost race, sunk in sin, there was no hope, and no hope could prevail until God looked, pitied, and gave his only begotten Son. It was a truly Divine gift, a grand sacrifice for human sin, the redemption through Jesus Christ, which recreates and renews us to the glory of God. The Lord Jesus Christ is lifted up on the cross to make atonement for our sins. He is also raised to the right hand of God, as a Prince and Savior, to bestow ineffable blessings on the redeemed. There is no Gospel where Christ is not lifted up. There may be eloquence, pungency, science, and learning in a sermon, but unless Christ is in it there is no Gospel there. But it is not preaching that saves men. It was not the proclamation through the encampment that saved the children of Isreal, but their looking to the serpent raised upon the pole. Multitudes go forth to-day telling the story of death, burial, and resurrection of Christ upon the cross. Redemption is a grand act of manumission but you must accept it to be made free. It is the water of life, but you must drink it or die of thirst. It is the bread of life, and you must eat it or go a hungered. It is the life-boat to save the drowning, but men must get into it or be cast away. It is the city of refuge, but men must hide themselves in it, if they would escape destruction.

The conditions are very simple. It was only a look for the poisoned people of Isreal. It was a mere act of acceptance now an act adapted for all. If the condition had required men to go and walk some might not have been able to do it. No painful penance or long pilgrimage to a far shrine is required, or many would not have had the time or means. It does not require a lofty mind, or great powers of logical analysis. It is in the grasp of the illiterate and poor; it is free to all. In the Church of God all men are on a level. In our sins we are all on a level before God, because all are guilty, and all are condemned. In their teaching, also, all men are on a level. As saints and sinners, we stand alike before God. The discourse showed also at length that healing in salvation is perfectly free, and is indispensable and confers health, happiness, hope of heaven now and unbounded bliss hereafter. In conclusion the unconverted were appealed to accept the free salvation, and the converted were urged to use every effort to bring others to the happiness which they had found.

FURNITURE.

JOHN BRECHBILL,

in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street, Bellefonte.

Has on hand a splendid assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.

CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,

and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of

WALL PAPER.

Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-1y

Miller & Son,

CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,
for medicinal purposes.

Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
25oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL
FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice
VAN PELT & SHOOP,
jan21-1y. Centre Hall.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS

No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31, 72.

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Rooms!

KRUMBINE & GROSSMAN,

respectfully inform the citizens of Centre county, that they have bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and have reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand, and make to order
BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS,
TABLES, &c., &c.

HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.

Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. 1y.

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.
WISON & HICKS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware and Stove Dealers
Builders Hardware

CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

STOVES.

SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK
STOVE.

This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
WILSON & HICKS,
mar15 tf Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
A. W GRAFF,

CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,

Has just received a large invoice of
Summer Goods.

Consisting of the best assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
ever brought to Potter twp.

LOWEST CASH PRICES!

Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.
A. W. GRAFF.
my8-1y.

C. PECK'S New
Coach Manufactory.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,

SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES!

HIGH RATES RUBBED OUT.

Goods at Old Fashioned Prices.
At the Old Stand of
WM. WOLF.

Would respectfully inform the World and the rest of mankind, that he has just opened out and is constantly receiving a large stock of
GOODS OF ALL KINDS
which he is offering at the very lowest market price.

DRY GOODS and

Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Woll Flannels. Ladies' Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Sateens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.

which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of

NOTIONS:

A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino Hose, Collars, Kid gloves, best quality silk and Lisle thread Gloves, Hoods, Nubias, Breakfast shawls, &c.

HATS & CAPS,

A full assortment of
Men's Boy's and Children's
of the latest style and best.

CLOTHING,

Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.

BOOTS & SHOES,

WM

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY AUG. 6, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

Democratic Delegate Election.

The Democratic voters of Centre county will meet at the regular places of holding the general election for each district on SATURDAY, the 8th day of August, 1874, to elect delegates to the Democratic County Convention to be held in the Court House at Bellefonte, on Tuesday the 11th day of August at 1 o'clock, sharp, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various offices to be filled at next general election.

The said delegate election beginning at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day and continuing until 5 o'clock p. m. JOHN MORAN,
Chairman Democratic County Com.

——"Forced out," is the latest excuse for being a candidate. Bully chap who invented forced, wonder whether he ever ran for office.

——At the democratic delegate elections on Saturday, 8th, instructions can be voted for two candidates for the Legislature, one for this side of the county and one for the other side.

——Mr. Pearce Leitzel contemplates moving back to Penn Hall, his former place of residence. Sorry to loose the Prof., he was a good citizen and an excellent teacher.

——Curt Condo, aged about 14, living with James A. Keller, near this place, was kicked in the face, by a horse, on last Saturday morning, by which his upper lip was badly cut and several of his teeth were knocked out.

——Mr. E. L. Spangler, date, Joliet, July 27, writes: Weather dry, crops suffering, farmers blue.

——A son of Rev. L. C. Edmonds was three times bitten by a snake, while working on his father's farm near Adamsburg. The wounds are not considered dangerous.

——Hugh Riddle, is reported to be in the neighborhood. The Watchman says that he pursued two girls in the ridges beyond Milesburg, the other day, caught and tied one of them to a tree and took after the other. Some gentlemen came along liberated the girl and put Hugh to flight. It's better to put Hugh back to the penitentiary.

——George Foot says he will be elected a delegate from Penn. Higher honors await him.

——The attendance at the Normal is large with daily additions.

——The weather is fine, but the mornings are cool.

——One of the best wat chmakers in the county—Chas. Held, Millheim.

——Milesburg base-ball players were at Millheim on Saturday—it rained and their toddy got so wet.

——Clinton county democrats, without a dissenting voice went for Wallace, Mackey and Orvis, in their recent county convention.

——On Saturday last a gentleman, from Mifflinburg, with three or four new top-buggies, halted on the road this side of Penn Hall, to go into a house, not tieing his horse. The horse started and upset the buggies, breaking them badly.

——The Aaronsburg Lutheran Sunday School held a pic-nic in Coburn's woods, ½ mile east of town, on Saturday 1st. Revs. Tomlinson and Kaup addressed the school in the morning, and at 12 o'clock, the schollars collected around a large table laden with all the good things imaginable. After dinner the time was spent very pleasantly in play, till 3 o'clock when the rain began to descend in torrents, and those only that took a timely warning, and lit out for home were spared from receiving a thorough ducking.

——The Fletcher Meek family will give a concert of vocal and instrumental music, at Centre Hall, on Friday evening 7th inst. This family is well trained in music and no doubt their concert will be a treat.

——In a recent issue we gave rumors about a poisoning case in Hartley twp., we are pleased to learn that the parties accused are again released, The Lewisburg Journal says, the parties were brought before court on 20 ult., where Dr. Loomis and Prof. Tustin presented a report to the effect that they made a thorough analysis of the stomach of the deceased, and that there was not the least trace of poison to be found. This report will of course be proof sufficient that Wm. Kline did not die of arsenic. Altogether, though it was very unpleasant for them to be in prison, it will be better for them in the end; for if there had been no examination the suspicion against them might have lived for years.

——James A. Bryan, a native of this county, and for several terms Treasurer of Jackson county, Iowa, has come to grief for embezzling to the amount of $41,000 We make the following extract from the Maquoketa, Iowa, Sentinel:

The long agony is over! The defaulting treasurer of this county has been adjudged guilty of embezzlement. Official thieving has received a stinging rebuke, outraged justice has been vindicated, and the people breathe easier. On Monday morning last the jury in the case of the State of Iowa vs Jas. A. Bryan, late treasurer, brought in a verdict of guilty, supplemented by the sentence of the court to three years imprisonment in the State penitentiary and a fine of $41,000.

James A. Bryan, the subject of this article was born in Centre county, Pennsylvania, and is about 42 years of age. He came to this city and county some eighteen years ago, having a jewelry store on Main street. The panic of '57 used him up, however, and in 1860 he removed to Andrew, where he engaged in the mercantile business in a small way, and laid the groundwork of that personal popularity which induced his fellow citizens to honor him with three terms in the county treasurer's office by large majorities.

——A malicious act was perpetrated by some person at the Trout Eishery of Hon. James W. Quiggle, on McElhatten run. in Wayne township, last Friday. The fellow took a bar of iron and dug a hole so as to change the course of the stream running into the Fishery, which soon left them without water and caused the death of thirteen hundred and eighty-three trout, some of them weighing over three and a half pounds.

——We copy from the Bellefonte Republican:

Some unknown scoundrel broke into the store-room of the Bush-House the other night and stole one hundred and thirteen spring chickens (dressed), seven bushels of roasting-ears, seven dozen pies, (cherry and whortleberry assorted) and sixty-three pounds of honey. The unhung villain before leaving, pulled the spigots out of nine full barrels of mineral, iron and sulphur water.

Mr. C. D. Keller, formerly of this place, has left the caterership of the Merchants Hotel, Philadelphia and engaged in the produce commission business. Success to him.

The stable of Wm. Meyers, in Half Moon twp., was destroyed by fire on last Sunday morning between 10 and 11 o'clock. It is thought the fire originated by accident. No insurance. The loss it is thought, will not exceed $150.

——Picking huckleberries has now been added to picking potato bugs.

——Rev. Miller, of this place, had his right foot badly bruised, on Thursday, 30th ult., at his sawmill, in the Seven Mountains, by a large stone falling upon it.

——Mr. Wm. Rishel, of Potter twp., was one of the lucky farmers this year, in his hay crop. His farm produced in all about 50 tons. One meadow of three acres yielded about seven tons of hay.

——The farm and saw mill formerly belonging to Rhoads & Harper, situated in the mountains about three miles southeast of Aaronsburg, has been sold to Moyer, Boyer & Co from Freeburg, Pa. for $3,000.

——One of our Blacksmiths, Mr. Jacob Harpster, hooped 300 wagon and buggy wheels since spring. If any other ordinary smith-shop did more than that, let us hear.

——Pennsvalley now has eight candidates for Assembly out of seven townships. Miles is the only township that has no candidate.

——Two men are to be tried for murder at Sunbury this week, each for killing his brother-in-law.

——A baby safely floating in its crib, was found thirty-five miles below Pittsburg after the late disaster, alive, unharmed and unclaimed.

——The foundry and machine shops of Brown, Sons & Co., at Brookville, Pa., were destroyed by fire on Friday evening. The loss is over $50,000.

——The engineer corps of the Pennsylvania and Western railroad, are said to be at work, in the Moshannon region, upon the preliminary survey of the proposed route.

Assembly.

The undersigned would hereby respectfully announce, that, having been repeatedly urged to allow the use of his name in connection with the office of Assembly, he will accept the nomination if tendered by the Democratic Co. Convention.

JOHN RISHEL.
Aug. 3 '74 Gregg Twp.

For the Reporter.
COMMISSIONER

MR. EDITOR:—I see in the Reporter the name of John W. Krumrine, of Ferguson twp., mentioned for Commissioner. We know Mr. Krumrine, he is an honest man and a good scholar and possessed of a good judgement. He is also a staunch democrat in whom the party can place confidence. Should the Convention place him in nomination, there will be no difficulty in electing him.

A DEMOCRAT OF POTTER.

For the Reporter.
COMMISSIONER.

MILLHEIM, Aug. 3rd, 1874.

MR. EDITOR:—The good people of the county, and especially those from our side seem altogether unconcerned about a candidate for County Commissioner. It is an office of vast importance, and should be filled by honest, reliable, hard-working men—men who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and know how to dispose of the county money, as it should be, and not squander it, as is sometimes the case. In presenting a man to the people, who is fully worthy of a liberal patronage, and one who would make a good officer as well as a shrewd business man, I could think of none better qualified nor none more worthy; than Mr. F. F. Jamison, of Gregg. Mr. Jamison has not said anything as regards the nomination whatever, but I trust, if the citizens of Centre county would see fit to nominate him, he would not refuse to serve them if elected. He has never held any office of interest in the county, notwithstanding he has done more for the interest of the party, than the majority of those who hold office have, and aside of all this he is a man that makes his living by laboring hard. We ask nothing more than our right, and if that is looked to as it ought to be, we feel sure that such a man will receive more than passing notice. PENN.

For the Reporter.

P. S. Fisher—Legislature.

In the selection of candidates for Assembly the Democratic party of Centre county determines the men who are to represent the county in the Legislature the coming two years. Not only will our representatives exert an influence on the legislation of this State but will help to select a man to represent Pennsylvania in the U. S. Senate.

Out of the long array of candidates certainly two good ones can be found. We recommend the claims of but one—Dr. Philip S. Fisher. Young and vigorous, ardently devoted to his county, a friend and patriot of the people, watchful and honest, he should zealously guard the interests of his constituents. He is a strong advocate of the Lewisburg, Centre & Spruce Creek Railroad and of all measures tending to promote the moral and material interests of the people. It is true in the Legislative halls we need the presence of hoary-headed sager who will bring forward wise counsels from the history of the past. But we also need there the "fiery heart of youth" whose eye is fixed on futurity and shapes his course accordingly. Such a one is Dr. Fisher. Filled with the spirit of the age he would be equal to the times and reflect honor on Centre county. Give him a hearty support.

G. D. G.

For the Reporter.
SPAWLS FROM PENN.

The whooping cough has laid hold on a good many grown people in our section of this county, and as a general thing bears very hard on them as well as on the little folks.

"Shakespeare," in last week's Berichter was very inquisitive. I think his thoughts run in a somewhat different direction, to what they did when he expressed his only opinion about the Normal school.

A party from Milesburg made their appearance in Millheim on Saturday, taking for a come off, that they had come to play base-ball with the Millheim club, but the rain spoiled their game, consequently they remained until night, and instead of base ball had a grand hop at Sheriff Musser's. The occasion was a—well, it was so so, a little too wet for some. Coal-ile.

Candidates for delegates to be elected on Saturday are not quite so numerous, as they are for some of the other offices. Nevertheless they should be able men, such that can be relied on, and will fill their offices unto the end desired.

Cutting oats, heads the farmers' programme, but will soon be struck off, and something else inserted instead. Not withstanding the injury that the oats received during the dry weather in the fore part of the summer, it is doing well. Some farmers have better crops in this line, than they had last year.

The Aaronsburgers had a celebration on last Saturday. The affair was an enjoyable one, though the rain slightly marred the general festivities of the day.

Stones are good in their places, but when a vicious female gathers a handful to hurl at your head, they are unquestionably out of place. We recently saw a wrathy feminine gather a fistful, and then tell a certain fellow to "dig out," and he dug out in hot haste.

George Wolf, who lives in the mountains south of Millheim, was out gunning, the other day, and came upon two bears engaged in mortal combat. Mr. Wolf being of a peaceable turn of mind, concluded to stop the fight, which he did, by shooting one of the varmints; the other beat a hasty retreat.

The "Heathen Chinee," was outdone and the climax of littleness reached the other night, by a party of fishermen who, think ing that "darkness covers a multitude of sins," blackened their faces to avoid detection. We did not think that Penn's Valley contained white men who are so nearly on a level with the negro, that they would try to adopt his color. Poor persecuted Sambo!

Strange. On last Sunday night Mr. G. W. Weight who for some time had been in the service of David Ertle, at Penn's Creek, as clerk, left, and has not been heard of since. Why he left is not altogether known, although there must be something the matter as George was a good fellow always. We pity him.

E. S. & 10 S. C.

For the Reporter.
REBERSBURG & VICINITY.

Daily topic—Who shall be District Attorney?

The Rebersburg select students commenced to feast mentally, on fish; physically, on green peas. Wholesome diet indeed. May we ask on what Centre Hall Normalites live?

Pref. Meyer claims the nicest grapes in Rebersburg, while James Stover, Esq., boasts of the finest posies. Wonderful when grapes and nosegays are turned up for trump.

The stage coach from R—, to Lock Haven appears in a new suit. Well, a change once a year is not very extravagant.

"John what direction is Iceland from the North Pole?"

"Well, James, it is owing to how we reckon; but on the map it is south east."

Permit us to state that we are of a different opinion.

Among the latest was the arrival of a letter at our postoffice, directed as follows:

"Miss——,
Wreavers Purg,
Centre county, Co. Pa."

The letter came from the same town where an agent was obliged to explain what book that was which he called the "Life of Christ;" also from the same valley where one took back" the Bible agent by asking him for which denomination he was selling Bibles. La me! what are we a coming to?

Query: The difference between School Economy and School Government? Would "Shakspeare," of the Berichter please explain.

Disappointed—The readers of the Berichter on Friday morning last. They finally concluded that the Editor was off huckleberrying. May he soon return.

HEW MOR.

A DESPERATE FIGHT NEAR WILKESBARRE, PENN.

Wilkesbarre, Penn., July 29.—This morning, at Jermyn, in this county, Alfred Green, superintendent of a coal mine, started between 4 and 5 o'clock to inspect the mine and see if it was free from gas, and that everything was all right, as was his regular custom before the miners entered for the day's work. He was accosted, while on his way, by three strangers, who asked him for work. He replied that he had a full force, and did not need their services. They then drew revolvers, and fired nine shots at him, two of which took effect in his left shoulder and side. His cries and the report of the pistols attracted the attention of Robert Pierce and Edward McCracken, who came to his assistance. The ruffians turned upon them, but Pierce drew a revolver and shot one of the strangers through the head, killing him instantly. The other two ran, but one of them was wounded before he got out of range. Mr. Green's wounds are pronounced dangerous, but not necessarily fatal. The assailant, who was killed, was unknown to all who viewed his corpse A rumor reached here this evening that the man who was wounded had been captured, and that the exasperated miners and citizens of Jermyn had lynched him.

UNITED STATES TROOPS DEFEATED WITH HEAVY LOSS BY INDIANS.

Galveston, July 30.—The News Fort Worth special says: Col. Stewart, a member of the Legislature, who has just returned from Wise county, brings a report of another fight near Jacksonboro, on Friday last, between Montague rangers, a body of the Tenth United States Cavalry and Indians, the latter numbering five hundred. The rangers lost twelve killed and several wounded. The cavalry lost several men and their commander was killed. The report says that the combined forces were driven back to Jacksonboro.

Nine Indians Killed.

St. Louis, July 30—The Republican has a special from Newton, Kansas, saying that Captain Hannahan's Company of Militia returned to Fort Dodge on Tuesday, and that they killed nine Comanche Indians on the Canadian river, on whose bodies a number of white scalps were found.

GRASSHOPPERS GOING EAST.

St. Paul, Minn., July 31.—The grasshoppers are rapidly moving eastward in myriads and will doubtless reach Wisconsin, perhaps Illinois, before the flying season is past. They are reported to-day very abundant at a number of points far east at the former scene of activity. Even in this city several gardens are overrun with them. All the damage late comers can now do is to deposit eggs which will hatch out millions of devastating insects for another year. It is now absolutely certain that other States than this will complain of the scourge next year, and if the clouds of insects continue the present movement even central and eastern States will not escape.

EXPLOSION OF A POWDER MAGAZINE SEVERAL PERSONS KILLED.

Tamaqua, July 29.—One of the most frightful accidents that has transpired in this section for many years, occured to-day at Weldy's powder magazine, situated three miles north of this place at Muntzers station, on the East Mahonoy road.

At the time of the explosion there were three men and a boy working in the magazine, and as

The Explosion

was instantaneous, and as none of them had any warning of danger, they were blown up. So far nothing has been found of the remains except a few limbs which have been brought in.

Owen Garber, the carpenter, was engaged in his shop working at the bench, when the explosion occurred. The shop was situated about four hundred yards from the magazine. He was struck on the right temple by a stone, and died in about ten minutes.

There were in the magazine at the time of the explosion at least one thousand kegs of powder, and the loss on material, buildings and machinery will not fall short of fifteen thousand dollars. The magazine was made a complete wreck, the stones and timbers flying in every direction, some of them landing nearly a mile beyond.

The explosion was distinctly heard at points fifty miles distant from the scene of the disaster.

HORSE THEIVES HUNG.

St. Louis, July 31.—A Kansas City special says a vigilance committee of about 100 men has been formed at Wellington and other points in Kansas for hanging horse thieves. Three men named Charles Brook, Bill Brook and Charley Smith, were hanged near Wellington last night. They made confessions involving other parties.

The Grasshopper Plauge.

Great quantities of grasshoppers have appeared in western and southwestern Kansas and are destroying everything before them. Much damage and distress is apprehended.

For the Reporter.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

In accordance with the call of the Executive Committee of the Open Temperance Union to convene at Unionville. The circular implying the call was read by the chairman, and a motion passed that a committee of three, consisting of Revs. Smyser, Barnhart and James Alexander, be appointed to nominate officers for the Convention. While the committee retired the choir entertained the large assembly with singing. The chairman of the committee then reported the following named persons as officers of the Convention, viz: President, Albert Owen, of Philipsburg; Vice-President, Dr. J. M. Blair, of Unionville; Secretary, Rev. J. Zeigler, of Milesburg; Treasurer, R. Conly, of Benner twp. The report was accepted and the offices elected.

An address was made by the Chair, appreciatery of the honors conferred by the appointment, after which a roll was made out of all the delegates from various organizations, townships and boroughs thoughout the county, which on account of its length is here omitted; suffice it to say that Unionville, with Union township, Milesburg and Bellefonte were largely represented. Other delegations were present from Howard borough and township, Philipsburg, the townships of Benner, Boggs, Curtin, Half Moon, Harris, Spring, Snow Shoe, Huston, Ferguson, Patton, and from Williamsport, Lycoming county, in the person of Rev. Sicafoose, by special invitation.

Rev. D. C. Babcock, Corresponding Secretary of The State Temperance Union, from Philadelphia, then addressed the Convention. The speaker first considered the "General Aspects of the Cause." The success is greater than was anticipated; there has been nothing lost from the beginning. A new form of operation has been brought to bear in the interests of the cause by the formation of a "Lecture Bureau," which points were clearly and forcibly laid before the Convention, followed by an able and well set forth consideration of the specific workings of the great Prohibitory Movement, inspiring his audience with new vigor in their efforts to put down the evil of intemperance. Singing by the choir, A circular received by the Convention from the Hon. James Black was read by the Secretary, after which a committee of five, consisting of W. Meminger, M. L. Smyser, J. M. Blair, T. Barnhart and H. L. Harvey were appointed to draft resolutions While these retired the choir sang several pieces, and Rev. Hamill, D. D., made a short address from the gallery. As the Doctor was closing his remarks the committee reappeared, and the chairman reported the first four of the series of resolutions herewith given. The report was accepted and the committee continued for the evening session.

A statement was made of the expenses of the Convention, and seventeen dollars and twenty-six cents were contributed at the first opportunity. Adjourned to meet at 6 p. m.

At about 6.30 p. m. the Convention reassembled. The committee on resolutions then submitted as their entire report the following weighty resolutions, which received due and separate consideration, occupying most of the evening, and participated in by many earnest advocates of temperance, and were adopted one by one, and finally as a whole.

1st. *Resolved*, That without party prejudices, objects or designs, we, as friends of temperance, and as representatives of that public sentiment expressed by the ballot on the merits of the Local Option Law in this county, ask each and every political convention to nominate candidates as representatives in the State Legislature who are pledged and known to be friends of the great temperance movement of the day.

2d. *Resolved*, That as true friends of temperance we pledge ourselves that, without regard to party, we will support such candidates for the legislature as are known to be in favor of the Local Option Law as it is, and with such additional legislation as may make it more efficient.

3d. *Resolved*, That in justice to our firm convictions of positive duty, and in justice to the great principle we here represent, that wherever nominations are made regardless of, or antagonistic to the great, growing and vital principles of temperance, we, the repres ntatives thereof, will feel in the duty bound to call conventions and urge the nomination of candidates who are known and pledged to the cause we support.

4th. *Resolved*, That we deem the call for a convention to meet at Harrisburg on the 12th of August, 1874, to nominate candidates for State officers, and to which we have been requested to send delegates, as premature, and ill advised, and contrary to the best interests of the cause of prohibition.

5th. *Resolved*, That this Convention is opposed to any nominations by the State Temperance Convention, except in the event of existing parties failing to nominate such men as will carry out the objects aimed at by the Convention, believing that such a course would defeat the very object had in view.

6th. *Resolved*, That copies of the two immediately preceeding resolutions be forwarded by the Secretary of this Convention to S. B. Chase, President of the 12th of Aug. convention, to Hon. James Black, Chairman of the Executive Committee, and to Col. Geo. McFarland, editor of the Temperance Vindicator, as representing the sentiment of a district which gave a unanimous vote against license.

7th. *Resolved*, That we recognize the efficiency and heartily endorse the "Woman's Temperance Movement," and earnestly call upon the temperance woman throughout the county to organize and emulate the noble example of their sisters in Williamsport, Pittsburgh and else where.

8th. *Resolved*, That the civil officers of this county are expected and earnestly requested to see that the liquor laws of this commonwealth be rigidly enforced against all violators; and we pledge ourselves to give them our hearty co-operation and support in the enforcement thereof.

9th. *Resolved*, That the Secretary be requested to furnish the proceedings of this Convention to the county papers for publication.

10th. *Resolved*, That the friends of temperance in the several boroughs and townships of this county be requested to send to the Secretary of this Convention for printed forms, and immediately organize according to the constitution of the "Open Temperance Union," and hold frequent meetings.

11th. *Resolved*, That we hail the establishment of the "Pennsylvania Temperance Lecture Bureau," explained to us by its superintendent, as a move in the right direction, and express hope that it will do great good.

12th. *Resolved*, That when this Convention adjourns, it adjourns to meet in Bellefonte at the call of the officers.

13th. *Resolved*, That this Convention tender their sincere thanks to the citizens of Unionville for their hospitality towards its members.

Remarks were made by Gen. Blair and others in behalf of the cause.

As the former president of the Open Temperance Union had resigned his office, it was deemed expedient to elect another, accordingly Rev. W. Meminger, its present Vice-President, was elected President, and D. P. Shope, Esq., Vice-President.

A GENERAL UPRISING OF NEGROES IN CUBA ANTICIPATED.

New York, July 30.—The Cubans here have received news from Havana to the effect that the Patriot troops have destroyed a number of plantations in the Trinidad valley, and that planters are abandoning their property there for fear of being captured, and because the Spanish Government cannot give the necessary protection. The President of the Cuban Republic has ordered Captain Carepio to destroy everything he can lay hands on. Cabo, the negro captain, at the head of a number of emancipated negroes, is in the neighborhood of Cienfuegos, wrecking plantations and enlisting slaves and coolies in the patriotic ranks. A general uprising of negroes under Cabo is daily expected. The Cubans have captured several military maps of the Trocha which show the position of forts, pitfalls, picket stations, &c.

The centennial of chemistry was celebrated the other day by a gathering of prominent chemists at Northumberland, Pa.

THE BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL

There is nothing since our last to throw new light upon the Beecher-Tilton matter. There seems to be one man alone who has the key to it—Frank Moulton—he knows—but has thus far refused to open his lips. The attempt of a third party to bring the matter before court, has failed.

The Tribune publishes the following: It has been widely reported and is generally believed in Brooklyn that Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, of Hartford, who has been on extremely intimate terms with Mrs. Woodhull, has avowed her belief in the substantial truth of Mrs. Woodhull's stories, and had gone so far as to urge upon her brother a public confession of his sin in the Plymouth Church, who proposing the occasion and receive his confession, and herself to conduct the services

TILTON ARRESTED.

New York, July 28.—Tilton was arrested on two charges of libelling Beecher, and was brought before Justice Reilly at 5 p. m. He was seated in his parlor when arrested, and treated the matter with the utmost composure. His bail was fixed at $2,500, but upon giving his word of honor that he would appear at 10 a. m. tomorrow, with bondmen, he was allowed to go until that time in his own recognizance. The prosecutions are based upon his recent statements arraigning Beecher, and he was arrested at the instance of Wm. J. Gaynor, recently from Boston, where he had a law office at No. 8 Pemperton Square. He is now a member of the Brooklyn Argus. He says his only object causing the arrest to bring out all the facts.

The arrest of Tilton to-night was procured on two affidavits, the first of which reads as follows:

"New York, King's county, S. S.—Wm. J. Gaynor, of No. 38 First place, being duly sworn, deposeth and says that, on the 20th of July, Theodore Tilton did falsely, maliciously and scandalously frame, make, write, compose and cause to be published in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, published in the city of Brooklyn, in said county, of the 20th of July, 1874, a certain false, scandalous and libellous writing of, concerning and against Henry Ward Beecher, of the city of Brooklyn, to the import and effect following, to wit: (Here articles 2 and 3 of Tilton's statement are used, and the affidavit concludes), wherefore deponent prays that defendant may be apprehended and dealt with according to law.

"Sworn to before me, this 28th day of July, 1874.

[Signed] "THOS. REILLY, J. P."

The other affidavit is on similar terms, and quotes Tilton's card of yesterday in regard to the omission of a part of his testimony in the report of the cross-examination given to the press by the Beecher investigation committee. When Tilton came before the Judge the following colloquy took place:

Tilton (smiling)—"I hear you want me."

Judge Reilly—"There's a charge of libel against you. [The affidavits were read and also the warrant.] What do you say to that charge?" asked the Judge.

Tilton—"Everything is true."

Justice Reilly—"Yes, but how do you plead?"

Tilton—"Well, not guilty. Before you take that I would ask it it makes any difference in regard to the case as to the way I plead."

Judge—"You plead not guilty and of course you are entitled to an adjournment and a hearing."

Tilton—"Not guilty, then."

The Justice took the plea, and as he wrote it down he said, "You will be here to-morrow at 10 a. m. I will allow you to go on your own recognizance." This ended the matter and Mr. Tilton, after asking if he had better have counsel in the morning, and being answered in the affirmative, left the court room.

THE FLOOD IN MORAVIA.

London, August 1.—The correspondence of the Daily News shows that the damage done by recent storms of Moravia far exceeds the earlier estimates. Eleven villages and two towns were devastated. The government has sent troops there to assist the inhabitants.

HALF OF THE TOWN OF MUSKEGON IN RUINS.

Detroit, August 1.—A fire broke out this morning in Hart's boot and shoe store, corner and Terrace street, Muskegon, and from thence it swept everything up to the C. & M. L. S., depot. Nearly two hundred places of business were destroyed.

The grasshoppers are doing immense damage in Boscawen, Canterbury, Franklin, and other towns in New Hampshire. Col. D. M. Clough estimates that they have injured his hay crop to the amount of fifty tons, and Isaac K. Gage, esq., puts his loss at forty tons. They are now making a raid upon the fruit trees and corn tassels, devouring the latter as fast as they appear.

Harbaugh, Matthias & Owens, of the Superior Iron Mills, Pittsburg, Pa., have gone into bankruptcy.

——The last number (7)of La Creme de la Creme, from J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York, should be secured by every one fond of show. The following pieces are worth having: "The Musical Box," caprice, Liebach, worth, in sheet form, 40 cents; Flower Song (Blumenlied) Lange, 35 cents; "Marche a la Turque," (Trans.) Rubinstein, 35 cents; "Ye Merry Birds," (Trans.) Kuhe, 50 cents. All these cost but fifty cents, the price of the magazines per number. $4 a year, issued monthly. No piano player can do without it.

——AN INSANE BRIDE.—Miss Annie Finnigan, a dressmaker, who has resided for some time at the Irving House, on Mission street, between First and Second, was married last Sunday to James Thornton, a young man who came from New York for the purpose. The ceremony was attended by a large number of her friends and the festivities of the occasion were extensive. On Monday she became a raving maniac, and so violent did she become that it was found necessary to confine her in a straight-jacket.—*Register.*

A REMARKABLE BOY.—Yesterday C. and Henry Witmoyer, of Reading, were sent to the House of Refuge at the instance of their father, who pronounced them incorrigible. The history of Charles, the elder boy, who is but fifteen years of age, is remarkable. He ran away from home at the age of twelve. For the first year his travels were confined to Pennsylvania He visited every city and town of any interest in it. He worked along the canals, on iron mills, and drove teams. Finally he joined a man named Seidel, from Philadelphia, who proved to be a thief and burglar. With him young Witmoyer traversed the entire country, under the assumed name of Vincent. One week they were with the gamblers in the territories and the next week in the states. They were always very well armed. The boy says he witnessed murder, robbery, arson, theft, gambling and all sorts of crimes, having passed nearly a year with the roughs and desperadoes of the frontier. In Kansas City he was nearly killed himself. Among the Choctaw Indians he was nearly starved. He drove a stage near Brownsville, Texas, and carried two revolvers in his belt

Finally the two decided to start back for the north. They had been fortunate and possessed some money. They had never been under arrest and had never paid a cent for railroad fares. After a long and circuitous journey they at last reached Pennsylvania, and they parted in this city, Seidle going to Philadelphia and Witmoyer home.

Uneasy—muchly—the candidates.

Later investigations confirm what has been said relative to the colapse of the People's Fire Insurance Company, of Philadelphia. There seems to be no doubt that manager Harrison Prindle has absconded not only with the assets of the corporation, but funds obtained through other sources, and is estimated in the aggregate at $30,000.

THE FLOODS IN MORAVIA.

London, July 28—6 a m—A special despatch to the Daily News reports that the destruction of property by the floods in Moravia is immense. At least 200 houses have been swept away.

IMPORTANT LAW.

One of the most important acts passed by the last Legislature provides "that no stay of execution shall be allowed on any judgment for a hundred dollars and less, when the same has been recovered for wages of manual labor." This act was approved by the Governor on March 14th, and consequently is now in force.

The number of students at the Centre Co. Normal is about 60.

The dry spell has affected the fruit crop somewhat.

The corn crop will not be more than an average one, ditto the oats.

Corn sells at 85 at Bellefonte, oats about 70, wheat from 125 to 135.

Keller & Miller, butchers, have a 500 porker without a kink in its tail.

Col. Rishel, of Gregg, is a new candidate for Assembly—the heaviest one on the course.

Lines,

written on the death of Miles Clayton Rumbarger.

Thy birthday dawns, the glorious Sun
In magic splendor shines;
All things in nature seem to smile,
Yet our heart still pines for thee.

Oh can it be, my darling boy,
That thou so young, so bright,
Wert called to fill an early grave
Our happiness thus blithe?

To us thou art not dead, my boy,
In memory ever bright;
Only sleeping, only resting,
Away from earthly sight.

We often hoped, aye, wished that thou
Had'st lived for us to mourn—
Not us for thee, thou precious boy,
To Heavenly bliss art born.

Days, weeks, months have come and gone,
And yet our hearts are sore;
Since thy dear ferm, thy loving voice,
We see and hear no more.

We miss thee, yes, from morn till night,
We miss thee everywhere;
At work we miss thy pleasant face,
At home—we miss thee there.

In music, Oh! there thou art missed,
Thy voice mingles not there;
At church we see thy vacant seat,
At home—thy vacant chair.

Music for me now has no charm:
In naught we pleasure see.
The sun and moon their sheen have lost,
The stars look dull to me.

But why still mourn for thee my boy?
Thy sufferings all are o'er.
Sorrow no more thy heart can pain,
On that bright golden shore.

Farewell, dear boy, we leave thee now,
To take thy last long sleep
Our days we'll pass for thee to morn,
For thee, dear boy, to weep.

When time with us shall be no more,
Take us gently by the hand,
Through death's dark valley lead us on,
To join the heavenly band.

G. W. R.

DEATHS.

In Gregg twp, on the 26th July, Mrs. Catharine, consort of George Stover, deceased, aged 67 years, 3 months and 6 days.

On the 9th ult, in Sugar Valley, Clinton county, of Consumption, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Brown, aged 40 years, 7 months and 29 days.

(Clinton Co papers please copy.)

On the 2nd inst, in Penn twp, at the residence of Aaron W. Ulrick. Mr. Lewis Reigle, aged 62 years.

On the 20th ult, in Lawrance, Kansas, Benjamin Hess, aged 64 years, 7 months and 20 days. The deceased was formerly from this county.

On the 24th ult, at Rebersburg, Centre Co. of Consumption, Dr. J. Henry Ziegler, aged 26 years, 7 months and 27 days.

Dr. Ziegler was a consistant and devoted member of the Reformed church. He was a young man with more than ordinary talent; and according to the admonition of St. Paul, he consecrated these, together with his body to the service of his heavenly Father through Christ Jesus.

One year ago he graduated in the Washington Medical University in Baltimore. He has just been ready to enter upon the arduous and responsible duties of a physician when, that slow but fatal disease, Consumption, laid hold upon him, and ended his life in a short course of time. He bore all things patiently, and entirely committed himself and all his affairs in the hands of his Lord and Master, who does all things well.

His death inflicts a loss upon the church, his dear wife, and the community, but that which has been loss to them has been to him Eternal gain. L.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 30 Red 125....Rye.....80.....Corn 80 ....Oats 55.....Barley 80. 70.....Cloverseed 4,50 .....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. ....Plaster per ton $15 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buckwheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 8,50... wholesale 7,25 to 7,50

MILROY MARKETS

White wheat 1,30....Red wheat 125....Rye 60.....Corn 50.....Oats 35.....Barley 80..... Cloverseed 4,00.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 25 per sack,.....

Bacon 7c.....Ham 15..... Butter 20... Eggs 20.....Plaster 9 50

Chunnt Coal per Ton $5.75.....Stove Coal per Ton $6.50.....Egg Coal per Ton $6.50..... Limeburner's Coal per Ton $8.50

VLUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

Will be offered at Public Sale, on the premises, in Potter twp., on THURSDAY, September 17th, 1874.

The following real estate, belonging to the Estate of Peter Durst, dec'd., consisting of a valuable farm of 118 ACRES, more or less, situate 1 mile from Potters Mills. Thereon erected a TWO STORY DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN and other outbuildings, with two good orchards and all kinds of the best fruit on the premises, and a good spring of never failing water near the house. Also,

Eighty Acres of Timberland,

situate in Potter twp., 2 miles from Potters Mills. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m. Terms will be made known on day of sale

JOHN RISHEL,
JOSHUA POTTER,
Aug 6. Executors,

Lime! Lime!

Lime of the best quality, always on hand, at the kiln near Centre Hall.

GEORGE KOCH.

IRON, NAILS & STEEL.

I have on hand a large assortment of BAR IRON NAILS & STEEL, which will be sold at the lowest market price.

NER THOMPSON,
jul16-3m Milroy, Pa.

SETTLEMENT.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have appointed Saturday, August 8th, next, as settlement day for all accounts in the Estate of Wm. Gentzel, dec'd, late of Gregg twp., where all persons interested will attend.

GEO. GENTZEL,
HENRY GENTZEL,
jul16 Adm'rs.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the Estate of Daniel Shuey, late of Oak Hall, dec'd have been granted to the undersigned, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them duly authenticated by law.

SAM'L GILLILAND,
jul16-6t Adm'r.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of *fieri facias, levari facias, and venditioni exponas*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bellefonte, on Monday, 24th day of August, the following described real estate to wit:

All defendants right in and to the following described lots of ground situate in the Boro of Bellefonte, beginning at the south side of Logan street, at a point 240 feet east of corner of Tho's Landregan, thence east, along said street, to the corner of lot of Burnside's heirs, 200ft to an alley, thence by north side of said alley, to a point, 240ft east of the line of Thomas Landrican's lot, thence by lot late of Jno. McAllister's estate, 200ft to Logan st. to the place of beginning, being lot No 186, in the General Plan or Plot of said Boro' of Bellefonte.

All that lot of ground, on Bishop street, said Boro' described as follows: Beginning at the corner of lot No 160 thence along Bishop st. 35ft thence along other portion of lot 159, 200ft to Logan st. 35ft to corner of lot No 160 thence along said lot 200ft to place of beginning, the same being the south western portion or part of lot 159 in the General Plan or Plot of said borough. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of B. V. Black as Garnishee of A. Heistand Glatz.

ALSO:

All the right, title and interest of defendant in a certain tract or lot of ground situate in Union twp., Centre county, bounded on the south by the old plank road, on the west by David Underwood, on the north by land of Sam'l Brugar and others, and on the east by lot of Christian Buck, et al, containing about 15 acres, more or less. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, good stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John T. Conley.

ALSO:

All that certain tract of land situate in Taylor twp., Centre co., bounded on the north by land of William Merryman, on the east by land of William McCoy, on the south by land of John M'Monigle and on the west by land of John Fink, containing 40 acres, more or less, thereon erected a log house, and log stable. Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Benjamin Walk.

ALSO:

All that building located on a lot or piece of ground situate in Spring twp., and which is known as Bush's addition, and numbered in said addition as lots No 75, 76 & 77, the said house being on lot No 75, bounded on the north

Farm, Garden and Household.

The Potato Beetle.

The Colorado potato beetle has arrived in the East, and complaints of its ravages come from Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. There are many persons who do not know this pest when they see it. The beetle is about half an inch long and five-eighths of an inch broad; color, pale yellow with five black stripes on each wing cover, hence its scientific name, *chrysomela 10-lineata*. The beetle itself, in the beetle state, does comparatively little damage to the potato; but it lays its eggs, which develop into larvæ, which feed upon and denude the vines of foliage. There are three broods of these beetles in a season, and as each female lays an immense number of eggs, the larvæ becomes exceedingly numerous and destructive in a short time. In the West, where this pest has ravaged for several years, it has been fought in all manner of modes. Hand-picking, beginning the moment any signs of the beetles could be discovered, and persisted in, has been successful, and some farmers have averred that it paid them to keep a hand or more in their potato fields for this purpose alone—especially when their ravages resulted in enhancing the local price of potatoes enormously. Machines have been invented, and pronounced successful, for gathering the beetles and larvæ from the vines. But the agent that has been most extensively and successfully used for their destruction is Paris green. It should be thoroughly understood by every one that employes it, however, that it is a dangerous poison, and great care must be taken in handling it. Any mode of using it by which the operator inhales it is dangerous and in some cases has proved fatal to the operator. This should not be forgotten. Nor should it be kept in any vessel that is not labelled "poison." Its use, however, does not affect the quality of the potato tubers nor endanger those who eat them. There are several ways of using it for the beetles and larvæ's destruction. One method is to carefully mix one part of it with from ten to twenty parts of common flour, put it in a tin dish perforated in the bottom with small holes, having a cover and a long handle, and thus sift the poison upon the potato vines infected, care being taken by the operator to keep to the windward of the falling poison. Plaster or gypsum is also used, dry, in place of flour. Plaster, if available, is preferable, since it is has a value as an application to land and especially to potatoes, which flour has not. Whether it is as effective a combination in destroying the pests we are not advised. A safer and probably as effective a mode of using Paris green is that which is now coming into use—that of mixing one teaspoonful of pure green in a pailful of water and sprinkling the vines with it by the use of a watering-pot, or by dipping a broom in the pail and shaking it over the vines. It should be remembered that Paris green does not dissolve in water, and the water must be frequently stirred, else the green will settle to the bottom of the vessel. As soon as this insect appears on any farmer's premises he should commence fighting it if he desires to grow potatoes; otherwise it will effectually destroy his crop. The description given above will enable any farmer to identify the rascal at once if he finds one on his potato vines.

Destroyers of Fruit.

Dr. Trimble, of New Jersey, exhibited to the Farmers' Club specimens of several worms destructive of fruit plants and trees, and some branches and leaves showing the ravages of the destroyer. Among the specimens was the currant worm, which, Dr. Trimble said, several years ago almost entirely destroyed the currant crop in Western New York. The worm, a rather pretty creature, Dr. Trimble stated, was a species of slug. He thought it advisable to allow young chickens to run among the bushes attacked by these worms as they make their first appearance in the under part of the bushes, and the chickens can easily pick them up. Another worm exhibted was one which destroys apples, which Dr. Trimble denominated the "apple borer," on account of its boring its way, gimlet like, into the apple. Several sprigs of trees in the New York city parks were shown with leaves almost destroyed by caterpillars. Dr. Trimble said that he had experimented with the sparrows in the parks by endeavoring to induce them to eat caterpillars. The birds would take the worms in their beaks, apparently out of curiosity, and would then reject them. The caterpillars were, he was satisfied, perfectly safe among the sparrows. There were large colonies of sparrows in the parks, and the caterpillars were undisturbed and daily increasing in number. The worm was plentiful in the southern part of Central Park, but were scarcer in the northern, because there were other birds to be found there besides sparrows.

Planting an Orchard.

In planting an orchard, the first thing is to have the ground well underdrained and liberally supplied with well rotted stable manure. Early in spring it should be plowed from eight to ten inches deep, when it will be ready for planting. I recommend the following list of all good apples for an orchard of 300 trees: Ten Newtown Pippins, 30 Yellow Bellflowers, 10 Red Bellflowers, 50 Rhode Island Greenings, 50 Smith's Scid, 30 Northern Spy, 20 Baldwins, 30 Peck's Pleasant, 20 Wine Sap, 50 Talpahawkin. These varieties are all hardy and salable. In purchasing fruit trees the best plan is to select from the nearest nursery. Many have been brought to a painful sense of the depressing fact that a large portion of the trees purchased from a distant nursery prove untrue to name and utterly worthless. When trees or seeds are purchased the buyer should take a receipt specifying the number or quantity of each variety for which the money was paid. In planting these trees, for the sake of convenience in gathering the fruit, it is better to place the trees of each variety in squares or blocks, rather than in long rows, as is the common custom. The trees should not be over two years old. The ground should be loosened for about 18 inches around the trees, in the fall; manure should be hauled to every one. To prevent mice from making their nests in it, it should be left till after a frost or snow. —*An Ohio Farmer.*

Farming in Prairie Land.

A Plymouth county farmer writes to the Massachusetts *Ploughman*, that excessive toil and continuous privation are too often the lot of the prairie farmer; when he pays for his land there is no timber on it to build him a log house, and he must pay from $50 to $80 per thousand for lumber to build him a balloon house; this, he says, leaves most of the farmers with a 10 per cent. mortgage on their farms. The "farmers live in houses with curtainless windows, from whose broken panes flutter the signal rags of poverty," and "seventenths of all the farms are under ruinous mortgages," the cry for more currency is as distressing as that of the man in delirium tremens for more brandy. Let the farmers of the East think twice before they attempt emigrating to the West.

Household Measures.

As all families are not provided with scales and weights, referring to ingredients in general use by every housewife, the following information may be useful:

Wheat flour, one pound is one quart.

Indian meal, one pound two ounces is one quart.

Butter, when soft, one pound one ounce is one quart.

Loaf-sugar, broken, one pound is one quart.

White sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce is one quart.

Best brown sugar, one pound two ounces is one quart.

Eggs, average size, ten eggs are one pound.

Sixteen large tablespoonfuls are half a pint, eight are a gill, four half a gill, etc.

A Montreal girl chopped off a finger to get rid of sewing.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Depositors in California savings banks are disappointed at receiving dividends for the past six months at the rate of six per cent. a year. Heretofore they have had from ten to twelve per cent.....Boston Corbett, who shot Wilkes Booth, is living in Camden, N. J., and on week days follows the profession of hatter in Philadelphia. He preaches every Sunday in the Independent Methodist Church in Camden .....Dr. J. R. Jennings, a prominent physician of Nashville, Tenn., committed suicide at the hotel at Narragansett Pier. His niece, the daughter of Gov. Wise, of Virginia, was with him at the Pier..... Jerome Hopkins's "Sepoy Battle March" for grand orchestra has created a stir at the Crystal Palace concerts, London. This is the first honor of the kind ever conferred in Europe upon an American.....The report that the white miners at Straitsville, Ohio, had all gone to work is only partially correct. The Union at that point dissolved some days ago, as a large number of the strikers were anxious to go to work, but the result has been that only about 100 were reengaged, arrangements having been made to put 200 colored miners to work.....An attempt was made by Bridget Morrison, a girl fifteen years old, who is serving a sentence at the Lowell, Mass., workhouse, to burn that institution. She set fire to a mattress in a room where there were half a dozen beds, all of which were in a blaze when discovered..... Two men called at the residence of Mrs. Mary Sayre, New York, and showed her a paper which they said came from a Wall street broker, accusing her of having sold some spurious United States bonds. They said they were detectives, and that they had learned that she had other spurious bonds still in her possession. Mrs. Sayre was alone, and one of the men got between her and the windows, while the other barred the way to the door. She told them that she had no bogus bonds, and had not bought or sold any. They insisted on searching the house, and in her bureau drawer they found a $1,000 bond and three $100 bonds, which had been in Mrs. Sayre's possession for many years. These they took, telling her they would go up stairs to search further, and that she must get ready to go with them to Wall street. They then went away.

John Reilly, of New York, aged 8, was playing with other boys in the street, when one of them thrust a lighted firecracker into his mouth. It exploded and burned his tongue and palate, depriving him of speech.....Thomas J. Mason, late specie clerk for Merrill, Tilney & Co., appeared before Justice Flammer, and, waiving examination, said that he had used about $30,000 of his employers' money, some of which he had invested in lands in New Jersey; the rest he had lost in speculation. He was committed. He has a wife and four children in Flushing.....Under the decision of the Court of Appeals, Hoboken, N. J., must pay about $50,000 to the men whom she engaged as substitutes for drafted men in the late war..... A large party of Comanches, Kiowas, and Arapahoes are on the war path in southwestern Kansas, threatening lives and property. A party of buffalo hunters were surrounded at Cimmaron river, and they fought for five days with no prospect of escape. Six whites and sixteen Indians were killed. Settlers are flocking to the towns, and crops are going to waste .....A case of real Asiatic cholera is reported in Brooklyn, N. Y.....Reports from Scranton, Pa., give a most discouraging picture of depression in the coal business. Over 12,000 men are now idle.....At the semi-annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons, Scottish Rite of the Orient of Palermo, Italy, on the 27th of March last, Pope Pius IX was expelled from the Order. The decree of expulsion was published in the official Masonic paper at Cologne, Germany. The cause was the action of the Pope towards Masonic Catholics.

The usual demonstration by the Orangemen of Ireland consisted of street parades and afternoon meetings at which speeches were made denouncing home rule and ultramontanism. There were no disturbances except at Lurgan, in the county of Armagh, where a collision occurred between the processionists and a portion of the populace, during which several persons were badly hurt.....A *News* (San Antonio) special, with advices from Fort Sill, states that near Skelton Creek a train of forty wagons was attacked by Cheyennes and Kiowas, and burned, together with several men belonging to the train; also, that eleven of 300 warriors, Cheyennes and Comanches, who recently attacked a settlement at Adobe Walls, on the Canadian river, near Antelope Hills, were killed, and many wounded, by about twenty-five settlers.....From the complete reports of the life insurance companies and of the Insurance Commissioners of the various States, it is found that during the last year 201,366 policies were issued, and 150,663 policies terminated, as follows: By death, 8,766 by expiry, 927; by change, 7,833; by discontinuance and non-payment of premium, 133,137..... David Tucker, the well-known job printer and publisher of Portland, Me., died recently, aged 57..... John Smith, of Paterson, tried to start a fire with kerosene. He is dead .....The King of Wurtemberg and the Italian Government telegraphed their congratulations to Prince Bismarck on his escape from assassination. The Prince in his speech at the Public Garden, referring to the peril in which his life had been placed, asked, "Why should I not be ready to die for the unity and freedom of the Fatherland like so many of my fellow citizens during the late war?"

Frank Saunders and wife, negroes, were killed by lightning in Lafouche Parish, La.... Hugh J. Jewett was elected President of the New York and Erie Railway; A. R. MacDonough was elected Secretary, and William P. Sherman Treasurer..... The President of the English Jockey Club is to be prosecuted for permitting betting on the Newmarket racecourse.....Mrs. Maggie Smith, of Charlestown, Mass., was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of her nine-year-old son..... Not liking the present postal card, the United States Government is getting up a new one..... Captain William Bath, an old sea captain who died in Washington, after an illness of a few hours, of a disease somewhat resembling Asiatic cholera, left his body to the surgeons for dissection. In case they declined to receive it, he asked that it be inclosed in a box perforated with holes, and properly loaded to make it sink, and that it then be taken on board a boat and carried out to water not less than six fathoms deep, and dropped overboard. Under no circumstances was his body to be buried in the ground.

The St. Paul *Press* publishes a statement showing that the total damage done by the grasshoppers' raid is equivalent simply to a loss of about one-twelfth of the usual crop, or about the same as if the average yield throughout were diminished from any source something over one and a half bushels per acre below the general average. It extends over only about one-tenth of the area of the State, and involves about one-thirteenth of the population. The crops outside the devastated region promise a most abundant yield..... A large number of persons were assembled at Port Jefferson, L. I., to see a ship launched and congratulate the builder on the completion of his work. Owing to the criminal recklessness of some parties the occasion was turned to mourning. Without a word of warning the rope sustaining a huge battering ram was cut, and the result was four men killed outright and many others grievously wounded.....Although no loss of life occurred at the last Mill river disaster there were many hair-breath escapes. D. H. Tucker's family fled to the high ground. Just as they reached a bridge it began to fall. They were motioned back by Mr. Alderman, who was on the opposite side; but one of his little girls, Maggie, made a desperate run across the earth and stones, falling as she ran, and finally escaped. Another very narrow escape was that of Mr. Spencer Knox and wife, who were driving home from the funeral of Mr. Tucker's father. His horse was young and easily frightened, and, on hearing the roar of the waters, refused to be driven either way. Mr. Knox sprung out. As they crossed the highway bridge it gave way, and the waters rose fast around them, but by great coolness they succeeded in escaping. At Chester, W. W. Hannum, and N. A. Howard had a narrow escape from drowning. They were watching the dam at the emery mill, when the dike gave way, and were thus surrounded by water. They escaped, however, by fording a part of the stream.

It is officially reported that citizens of the United States will be permitted to enter France from any direction without showing their passports; but they must be prepared to prove their nationality when required.

A FAMILY POISONED.

The Lives of Eight Persons nearly Sacrificed by a Young Servant Girl.

The village of Brentsville, Va., says the Manassas *Gazette*, was startled at announcement that the family of the Hon. Aylett Nicol, Judge of the County Court, had been poisoned. Dr. J. Willett Leach hurried to the residence, about a quarter of a mile outside the village, and found eight of the family, Mrs. Nicol, Miss Ida Nicol, little Blanche and Gracie Nicol, Mr. John A. Nichol, who had just returned from William and Mary College; Mr. P. A. Eager, of Mississippi, and a college mate of Mr. Edgar Nicol, who had accompanied him from Richmond College home on a visit; a black man and a black girl, all suffering from the effects of arsenic which had been put in the coffee and bread partaken of at the supper table. The proper antidotes were promptly administered, and having the desired effect saved all who had partaken of the poisoned food. A reporter visited the scene of the attempted slaughter, and found the family all up, but weak and feeble from the effects of the poison, and all having the appearance of persons who had just awakened from a deep sleep.

The following particulars of the affair were given by members of the family: Judge Nicol was holding his court on that day, and being detained was not at tea, and thus escaped. Three others—Judge Nicol's sister, Mr. Edgar Nicol, and the youngest child—also escaped by not partaking of the poisoned victuals. The only actor at present positively known, though there is a suspicion that another may be guilty, is a girl named Susan Cission, aged about fourteen or fifteen years, daughter of a widow woman living near Potomac City, in this county. This girl has been living with the family three years, and is said to be possessed of a very high temper; so much so that in her fits of anger she would break up articles about the kitchen, and had on the morning of the day of the poisoning punched a hole through the bottom of a new tin pan, having been affronted at something said to her by one of the family.

An ounce of arsenic was purchased over a year ago by Judge Nicol, to be used on one of his horses suffering from the fistula, and only about one-fourth of it had been used. Early in the evening, and about two hours before the time to prepare tea, the girl carried the label which she had taken from the box to Mrs. Nicol and asked her what it was. Mrs. Nicol being surprised at the girl having the label, asked her what she was doing with it. She replied that she "found it on the washing machine." As she could not read, it is supposed she took the label to Mrs. Nicol so as to be sure the article she intended to use was poison. The hour for supper, which had been prepared by the girl, came on and the family were informed that it was ready.

Miss Ida Nicol, who the girl informed that supper was ready, noticed something rather peculiar in her bearing, and remarked, "Why, Susan, you speak as if you were inviting us to a funeral instead of supper." To this she made no reply. The family seated themselves at the suppar table, and the girl took the buckets and went out to milk. After tea Miss Ida took a seat on the porch, and in a few minutes was taken deathly sick. Going into the dining-room she found her mother and the two little children all suffering in the same way. Immediately all the rest who had partaken of the bread and coffee were taken ill, and at once suspicion was aroused that they were all poisoned. The question by the girl about the label now was solved, and the culprit, who had just returned from milking, was accused of the diabolical act. She of course denied it. Mrs. Nicol told her to go and bring the box of arsenic, but instead she at once fled to the woods.

The amount of arsenic put in the coffee and bread was sufficient to kill half of Prince William county. The cause that prompted so young a girl to such a deed is unknown. Whether it was to avenge some fancied wrong, or whether it was a sort of mania to administer the poisón and see its effects, is a question for the girl to answer. The latter may seem a reasonable theory, as she had some time ago asked members of the family what effect the arsenic would have, if it were eaten, and was told that it would kill.

A constable arrested the accused in Dumfries, and lodged her in jail at Brentsville.

The Crackers of Florida.

The Crackers of Florida, says an exchange, are a class by themselves, and to a considerable extent are governed by their own well understood but unwritten laws. To some extent they resemble the patriarchs of old, inasmuch as their property consists mainly in their stock, and no country has any attractions for them which does not afford a good range for their cattle. They "squat" down in the pine woods without stopping to inquire whether the land belongs to the general Government, the State, or to individuals, and erect a log cabin which is not much more than a pen made of pine poles matched together at the corners and covered with unshaven shingles from the pine tree. A few acres are fenced in for a "pen" or yard to enclose their cattle, which are herded at night during the summer, and allowed to range through the woods during the day, and to secure their return to the pen the calves are retained in the enclosure. The trees in the enclosure have been girdled, and when the land has been sufficiently enriched by the droppings of the cattle, another pen is fenced in and the first planted to sweet potatoes, which fill the place of bread and vegetables in the family.

A few hogs, long nosed and sharp backed, which live in the woods, and deer and wild turkeys, furnish the family with meat. They are kindly, inoffensive people who would share a corner of their cabin with a stranger and give him the best the house afforded. They cook, eat, drink, and sleep, in the one common room—men, women, children and strangers, and still unchaste conduct or bastardy is seldom known among them. The cattle are penned from April to August, when the calves are marked or branded, and the whole turned out to shirk for themselves until the next April. While being penned enough milk is taken to supply the family, but when turned out milk is a dish unknown in the house. The steers are sold for beef at three to four years old, and command from $12 to $14 cash; and the cows are allowed to live until accident or old age terminates their existence. They are never fed, in fact will not taste hay, corn or oats, if laid before them.

There are different grades of wealth and standing among them as with other people. Many of them are very poor, while some own from thirty to forty thousand head of cattle.

Infested with Lizards.

Our authority for the following is a neighbor of the lady in question, who was in this city recently. The wife of a German living in Buffalo township has recently passed through a most fearful ordeal—one most harrowing to contemplate. About a year ago she alarmed her family and friends by stating that she felt what she supposed to be a snake crawling up her throat and back again to her stomach; soon after which she was taken ill.. On frequent occasions she would spit blood, insisting that it was caused by the supposed snake lacerating her throat. This continued until about ten days ago, when her brother took her to St. Louis, where a brother of his, a physician, resides. He, with several eminent medical men, was consulted, who prescribed for her, and in a few days, at different times, she ejected from her stomach portions of a lizard, which on being placed together measured over six inches. The most unfortunate part of the affair is the woman is positive, and the doctors are of the same opinion, that another of these loathsome reptiles is still in her stomach. She was, at last accounts, in a lamentable condition.—*Davenport (Ia.) Democrat.*

A DEADLY THUNDERBOLT.

A Family Killed by Lightning—Father, Mother, and Child Found Partially Consumed in their Burning House.

A thunder storm which passed over the vicinity of Bridgeport, Conn., left in its track one of the saddest scenes ever witnessed. This occurred in the town of Trumbull, and was nothing less than the killing by lightning of a father, mother, and child, constituting an entire family. After the storm had passed, Mr. Blood, residing at the northern end of Daniels' Farm street, about a mile east of Long Hill, discovered a dense smoke issuing from the house of Mr. Levi S. Harrison, who lived nearly opposite. He immediately sent word to Mr. David Hall, a brother-in-law of Mr. Harrison, who entered the house at once and found it full of smoke. In the bedroom, adjoining the kitchen, the bed was burning, and after extinguishing the fire with a few pails of water, the dead body of Mr. Harrison was found, with the lower limbs hanging over the edge of the bed and the head and shoulders among the burning bedclothes, which had fallen through to the floor by the burning of the bed cord. The bed was pulled off and thrown from a window, and search was made for the wife and child of the unfortunate man. They were found on the floor, beneath the the window, the woman dead, with the child in her arms. The woman lay partly across the child, which was not quite dead when discovered, but soon expired, in spite of all efforts to restore it.

The family, of which these three persons constituted the entire number, had been killed by lightning, and were probably sitting on the bed when the bolt came. Mr. Harrison was badly burned about the head and face and one wrist was burned half off, while his clothing was entirely burned away; but there was no visible mark of the lightning upon him. Mrs. Harrison was struck upon the breast, and the electric fluid had evidently come out at the foot, while it is possible that the child might have been suffocated as it lay, stunned, under the mother's body, but one of its arms was badly gashed open. The house, a small cottage, stood near a tall tree, which first received the bolt, after which the lightning seemed to have divided, part going down the tree into the ground and part into the house, passing through the plaster and leaving a hole in the ceiling the size of a stovepipe directly over the bed. About half the end of the house was torn away, and there were marks in several places showing where the lightning entered the ground.

Mr. Harrison was twenty-seven years of age, his wife was twenty-six, and the child was about two years old. Mr. Harrison had purchased the house but a short time before, and had, of course, not lived there long. The funeral of the family took place the next day at Easton, whither the bodies were taken for interment, and was largely attended, the sad event casting a gloom over the entire neighborhood.

Beside the above the house of Mr. Charles S. Brunswick, half a mile below Mr. Harrison's place, was struck and badly torn, but no one was hurt, although windows were broken, the siding of the house torn off, and the hinges drawn from a cellar door, which was found thrown into the cellar. There were lightning rods on each of the chimneys.

Sanitary Hints.

This warm weather, says an exchange, makes all careful housekeepers see to it that the entire premises of the household are thoroughly clean. Bedrooms are sunned and ventilated, bedclothes are at least once a week placed in the open air, the living rooms have abundant ingress of sun and air, and everything that can give birth to a disagreeable smell is put where it can do no harm. The illness in the royal family of England was traced to an imperfect piece of plumbing which introduced sewer gases into the palace, should long serve as a warning to all those who have in their houses a bath-room, with the usual conveniences. Diluted carbolic acid, copperas water or lime water, will thoroughly purify all drain pipes and keep them inoffensive, if applied often enough. Abundance of dry earth will disinfect and deodorize all offensive substances. There is really no need of having any but pure air and pleasant smells about a country house.

The custom of taking down heavy woolen or silk curtains in the summer, of replacing Brussels and tapestry carpets with mats, and of using light summer furniture instead of that stuffed and covered with reps or brocatelle, has its foundation more in hygiene and comfort than in fashion or economy. Those who are familiar with recent discoveries which have given rise to what is known as the germ theory of disease, will readily see why and how matting is a far more healthy summer carpet than Brussels; why it is wise to remove in summer all woolen articles which are such excellent absorbents and replace them with those easily cleansed and that do not readily absorb atmospheric substances. The curtains, carpets, and furniture in daily use in our living rooms, if placed under the lens of a powerful microscope, would preach effective sermons on the daily household duties. Some of these by continued use become actually poisonous, and doubtless induce disease. The drinking water of the family needs looking after, and nothing short of certainty that it is free from taint should be accepted. Fatal cases of typhoid have arisen from drinking water which gave no sign to any sense that it was not pure. It is not safe to drink from springs and rivulets by the roadside or in the woods, unless we know that all the sources of those waters are pure. Typhoid and typhus fever are a reproach to civilization, and cannot possibly occur except through violation of the laws of cleanliness and drainage. Where health is concerned there is less objection to the great failing of good housekeepers of spending so much valuable time on the "mint, anise, and cummin," with the risk of overlooking the weightier matters of the law, "justice, temperance, and the love of God."

Drinking Water.

Dr. Hall is opposed to the immoderate use of water for a drink. He says:

The longer one puts off drinking water in the morning, especially in summer, the less will he require during the day; if much is drank during the forenoon the thirst often increases and a very unpleasant fullness is observed, in addition to a metallic taste in the mouth.

The less water a man drinks the better for him, beyond a moderate amount. The more water a man drinks the more strength he has to expend in getting rid of it, for all the fluids taken into the system must be carried out—and as there is but little nourishment in water, tea, coffee, beer and the like, more strength is expended in conveying them out of the system than they impart to it. The more a man drinks the more he must perspire, either by lungs or through the skin; the more he perspires the more carbon is taken from the system; but this carbon is necessary for nutrition, hence the less a man is nourished the less strength he has.

The more liquids used the greater must be the amount of urination, but this detracts a proportional amount of albumen from the system, and it is the albumen in the food that strengthens us. Drinking water largely diminishes the strength in two ways, and yet many are under the impression that the more water swallowed the more thoroughly is the system "washed out." Thus, the less we drink at meals, the better for us. If the amount were limited to a single cup of hot tea or hot milk and water at each meal, an immeasurable good would result to all. Many persons have fallen into the practice of drinking several glasses of cold water or several cups of hot tea at meals, out of mere habit; all such will be greatly benefited by breaking it up at once; it may be well to drink a little at each meal, and, perhaps, it will be found that in all cases it is better to take a single cup of hot tea at each meal than a glass of cold water, however pure.

Poor Woman.

The Salem (Va.) *Register*, in speaking of the recent commitment to the county jail of Mrs. C. A. Underwood as a lunatic, says she was once in the Staunton asylum, having lost her mind during the war under the most distressing circumstances. Her former husband was sentenced to death for desertion, and she went to Richmond to procure a pardon from President Davis, but too late; for just as she entered the camp with the pardon she met the firing squad returning from her husband's execution. She is thirty-five years of age and the mother of five children.

THE FIRE IN CHICAGO.

The Rapidity with which it Spread—Blowing Up Buildings.

The Chicago *Times*, speaking of the fire in that city which resulted in a loss of nearly $5,000,000, says:

In little over an hour after the first alarm the fire had swept over the space between Clark street and Third avenue, and had reached Polk street on the north. The southern boundary of the burnt district extended east in almost a straight line, running nearly parallel with Twelfth street, about 300 feet north of it. The aim of the Marshal was still to fight the fire from the front, and to contest as ably as possible its onward march toward the better built portion of the city. The front line of the fire was nobly battled with by the fire boys, who were doing their best and bravest, when the gale, to which was due most of the mischief, carried destruction over their heads and enclosed them on either side with a wall of fire. They pulled up stakes and went to the front again, where the battle was renewed, but their efforts were powerless to save the acres of dry pine roofs to windward, and the fire swept wherever it pleased, hardly turned from its course an inch by the efforts of the Department until it reached State street, which the flames now attacked. Having reached State street the fire was in its glory. Two-story frames was the rule and a substantial structure the exception. The flames leaped from building to building, now and then skipping a structure or two to facilitate its progress, but never neglecting to bring up the rear and make clean work of it. The firemen fought valiantly among these shanties. The most that could be done was to prevent it spreading southward, and this was accomplished. A steamer was stationed at Harmon court, which forms nearly the southern limit on State street, and the boys connected therewith did valiant service. They fought the fire into its very teeth, and to enable them to do so they made a barricade out of a theatrical signboard, which was held in front of the pipe-men, and thus the fire was approached so closely that the sign-board took fire. The wind increasing in fury, it broke through the alley dividing State street from Wabash avenue.

Now, for the first time, about six o'clock, the fire began to feed upon the aristocracy. Thousands of dollars were consumed every minute. The danger of utter destruction became more imminent every moment. More help was wanted, and accordingly telegrams were sped over the wires to Milwaukee, Racine, Joliet, and other places. They read: "Send in your fire department." In the course of the night came responses in the shape of stalwart men with apparatus, and they did valiant services in fighting the flames to a smaller and smaller limit. The fire having reached Wabash avenue, with the wind blowing from the southwest, Michigan avenue seemed doomed to destruction; in fact, the thought of saving any portion of it from Eldridge court to a point at least as far north as Harrison street was abandoned, and yet contrary to all expectations, every house in that limit stands intact. Every house on Wabash avenue parallel to this was destroyed, but the narrow alley between the two avenues stood as a barrier, as if it had been an intervening mountain. Every house on Michigan avenue was vacated; the street was lined with trucks backed up against the windows; but about nine o'clock the most of the people moved back again. The ordeal was safely passed, and our handsome lake front was preserved. The fire having reached its eastern limit, the flames found their way rapidly northward, three blocks abreast. There was little use trying to fight the flames in the face of the wind, which increased in violence every moment. In the vicinity of the conflagration a regular gale was blowing. The heat was so intense that the firemen could not stand within 100 feet of the fire in the direction it was spreading; hence it had to be fought on the flank, there being little hope of saving Michigan avenue. The policy seemed to be to fight it into the lake by closing on its sides. This plan was adopted, though efforts were not abated to save Michigan avenue.

At six o'clock all danger was over that it would make its way further southward, and the force there displayed was soon dispatched to the more threatening points, though it was not safe to leave the whole line exposed. At eight o'clock the fire was checked at Clark street, and then there was no danger it would pass westward. After that two engines covered the entire field from Polk street south on Clark, around by Twelfth street, to Wabash avenue, where the engagement was growing hotter and hotter every moment. When the southern and western ends of the fire had been made secure, the northern and eastern lines of attack were reinforced, and the enemy confined into narrower and narrower quarters on Harrison street. The fiend was forced to give up Fourth avenue and Third avenue at Van Buren street. The monster was driven out of State street, the St. James being the last building to succumb. When the fire reached that point the interest in its progress became intense. It was moving along both sides of State, between Harrison and Van Buren streets. On the west side stood a massive row of four or five story marble fronts. On the east side was the St. James. Beyond the St. James northward was an open space several hundred feet square. There was a good hope if a stand were made at this hotel that the flames would be prevented from crossing the open space. On the west side there was no such barrier, and it was certain that the whole row would go, and then crossing Van Buren street make its way to the Palmer House, opposite the St. James stood a four-story marble front, covering about four numbers. This was divided from the building south by a single lot 25 feet wide, "a mere bagatelle," said everybody, and nobody anticipated that that little space would check the flames, but it did it.

Fortunately a splendid fire-proof wall had been reared to the south. Madly the flames beat against it, and went clear over the building, setting fire to the St. James; but this wall stood the test grandly, and though there was fire to the south and fire to the east, and not a pint of water thrown on it, the building stands there at this writing, a savior of untold millions. It was the citadel of the conflagration. Its surrender would have given the whole city over to the raving enemy. Instinctively everyone in sight of the scene appreciated the importance of the position, and when the building to the south tumbled together with a crash, and was thereafter harmless, shouts from 50,000 throats rose high above the roar of the conflagration. It was the moment of moments during the progress of the fire, and fitly was it commemorated. While this building stood the brunt and onslaught of what might be called overwhelming odds, a four-story brick house, apparently out of all danger, on the corner of Wabash avenue and Van Buren street, took fire from the St. James Hotel. An upper window had been left open, and a curtain was set on fire by a stray spark. In a moment the whole interior, already filled with hot air, was a sheet of flames. As the flames shot forth, anguish was wrung from the spectators, for it seemed inevitable that now two more squares must fall a sacrifice. But fortunately the flames were confined to that and the adjoining building, and the fire had reached its northern limit.

Having hitherto shunned Michigan avenue, the fire now turned upon it, making its way along Congress street, and consumed the Oceanic building, a structure once occupied as the Tremont House, and two others, and then was finally and effectually squelched just in time to save those noble structures—the Matteson and Gardner houses and the Exposition building. The wooden cupola of the German Evangelical Chruch, corner of Scotland and Third avenues, was set on fire by sparks and the church was almost destroyed, and the flames reached the wooden buildings immediately south of it. At this point an effort was made to blow up some buildings. Under direction of Mark Sheridan, Colonel Lippincott, and Captain A. McCloud a keg of powder was placed in No. 28 Polk street, a two-story frame building. The destruction of the building was complete. Powder was next placed in the building at the southwest corner of Polk street and Third avenue. By this time, however, the flames were so close that before the place could be cleaned out they had crossed the street and broken out north of Polk street. Several attempts were afterward made to blow up the buildings on State street, between Polk and Van Buren—notably at the St. James Hotel—but nothing effectual was accomplished. It was impossible to obtain powder in sufficient quantities to accomplish the work.

Stop It.

"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty—please stop my"—whiskey? "Oh, no, times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year. Please stop my"—tobacco, cigars and snuff? "No, no, not these; but I must retrench somewhere—please stop my"—ornaments and trinkets? "No, not at all; pride must be fostered if times are ever so hard; but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction—please stop my"—tea, coffee, and needless and unhealthy luxuries? "No, no, not these; I cannot think of such a sacrifice; I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs me two dollars a year. I must save that. Please stop my paper! That will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy—especially in the matter of brains."

A Strange Sympathy.

In another place, says the Whitehall *Times*, appears an account of the accident which befell little Willie Cummings, who lost an arm by being run over by the cars.

When the lad was taken home, his arm was brought after him. It was thrown into a pail, when the little fellow screamed with pain. The severed limb was then placed in a box and buried in the garden. Shortly after, little Willie complained of a pain and queer feeling in the severed hand. He said that something was crawling on the inside of the hand. The limb was exhumed, when a large worm was discovered in the palm of the hand. A large jar was then obtained, and it became necessary to crowd the arm in, when the sufferer fairly went into a paroxysm of pain. The limb was placed in a jar partly filled with alcohol, and then replaced in the ground. The little fellow complained that his arm and fingers were in a terribly cramped position, and that the little finger and the next one were growing together. The jar was then taken up, when the limb was found crowded and cramped as described.

This is remarkable, although such instances are often related. In this case the little nine-year-old lad was ignorant of what disposition was made of the limb. The lad is very low at the present writing, and some doubts are entertained of his recovery.

The Coachmen Indignant.

The judge who tried the assailant of M. Gambetta told the prisoner that he had behaved "like a coachman." A member of the profession has written to the judge protesting against this remark. He concludes his letter by saying. "In our opinion nothing could hurt our feelings more than being placed on the same footing as the bravi of imperialism. We are convinced that it is very far from your intention to lower a numerous and interesting class of citizens to such a degrading level. We think rather that you merely employed a figure of speech without attaching any importance to it, and it seems to us beyond doubt that you did not for a moment intend to abase the corporation of cabmen to such a degree as would put them on a level with the gladiators of Bonaspartism and the Cassagnacs."

Imagination.

An instance of how much imagination has to do with hydrophobia was shown in the story of a gentleman in New York. He had been bitten by a dog two weeks before, and, being afraid of hydrophobia, imagined that he felt the premonitory symptoms. He attempted to drink a glass of water, and, in his hysterical excitement, choked over it. Fortunately, there were sensible friends to reason with him; he soon afterwards laughed at his absurd nervousness, and soon after was in as good health as ever and attending to his business as usual. Probably many of the so-called cases of hydrophobia are commenced in precisely the same manner as this, and undoubtedly very many of them could be as easily cured, were sensible advisers at hand to prevent undue nervous excitement.

Poor Girl.—Addie Miller, an Albany girl, was forbidden by her parents to marry. She would have disobeyed, but her sweetheart was more mindful and would not elope. The third of July was the day appointed for the wedding until the match was broken off. On that day Miss Miller went to Cohoes and drowned herself in the Mohawk. She was missed, and the story went that she had gone away with a gambler. Even her unsteadfast lover believed this, and was glad that he had not made so bad a girl his wife. A few days later her body was found, and then the details of her suicide were traced out.

Editorial notices are so common that it is almost impossible for an editor to express his honest opinion of the merits of any article without being suspected of interested motives. This fact, however, shall not deter us from saying what we think of a new addition to the Materia Medica to which our attention has been recently directed. We refer to Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters, a remedy which is making more noise in the world just now than all the other advertised medicines put together. Its celebrity, as far as we can judge, is not based on empty pretention. There seems to be no question about the potency of its tonic and alterative properties, while it possesses the great negative recommendation of containing neither alcohol nor mineral poison. That it is a specific for Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, and many complaints of nervous origin, we have reason to know; and we are assured on good authority that as a general invigorant and a regulating and purifying medicine, it has no equal. It is stated that its ingredients (obtained from the wilds of California), are new to the medical world; and its extraordinary effects certainly warrant the conclusion that vegetable agents hitherto unknown enter into its composition. If popularity is any criterion, there can be no doubt of the efficiency of the Vinegar Bitters, for the sale of the article is immense and continually increasing.—*Com.*

Imitators should never be encouraged. Their goods are always inferior in quality and intended to deceive. Buy the genuine Elmwood Collar. It has all the edges folded so that they will not turn out.—*Com.*

Economy, comfort, looks, all combine to make SILVER TIPPED shoes indispensable for children. Try them. Never wear through at the toe.—*Com.*

[The following extract is from an Editorial Article which appeared in the Buffalo *News* of May 3d, 1874.]

A Mammoth Establishment and an Enterprising Proprietor.

It is hardly necessary for us to call attention to the whole page communication from Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, which appears in this issue, as at least every invalid suffering from Chronic Diseases must see and take a lively interest in the sound, commonsense ideas therein set forth, as well as in the indisputable evidences of wonderful cures that are given.

Buffalo has several business establishments of which she may justly feel proud, but few, if any indeed, that has acquired such worldwide reputation as that of Dr. Pierce—"The World's Dispensary." This establishment well merits its appellation, "The World's Dispensary," as it is, without doubt, the largest and most complete of its kind that can be found anywhere, and medicines are prepared within its walls that find a ready sale in every quarter of the globe. In fact the foreign trade forms no small part of the business.

A visit to the shipping department, which is on the first floor, gives one a slight idea of the colossal proportions of the business there transacted. Here the visitor may see, as we did, large piles of boxes being shipped to wholesale houses in every part of the land, also to foreign countries—even China and Japan contributing to the demand for these popular medicines. The Doctor has achieved this immense patronage and demand for his celebrated remedies by his great skill as a physician, the superior curative virtues of the remedies he has discovered, and his honorable dealings, indomitable will and ceaseless industry. The cures that he has effected have often been w